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Bundles for Berlin

THE distribution of free food parcels to the East German population is the first successful piece of propaganda which the Western Powers have thought up since the Cold War began. If psychological warfare has to be waged, this is the way to wage it. At the very least we can say that a bombardment with foodstuffs marks a great advance on the free distribution of napalm bombs with which the United Nations wooed the civilians of North Korea. If the Russians would—or could—reciprocate in kind, why should not the Cold War be transformed into a vast competition in mutual aid, with Communism and Democracy vying in good works?

Even while we ask the question, we know the answer. This kind of sanity is impossible because the Cold War is a clash, not of rival ideals, but of mutually contagious fears. The Russian-controlled Communist parties have long ceased to be carriers of revolution and become instruments of an Empire on the defensive; and the anti-Cominform, which has been created in Western Europe since 1948, is concerned, not to help the people of Eastern Europe, but to embarrass and weaken their rulers in the interests of Western strategy. It is the uneasy awareness of this fact that makes us all so suspicious of psychological warfare even when it takes the form of distributing food parcels to families urgently in need. In Berlin today decent humane motives are being exploited for the purposes of power politics—and corrupted in the process. Political "realists" who detest Mr. Dulles's idea of "liberation," are inclined to jettison any idea of liberating the peoples of Eastern Europe and to think only in terms of reconciling Russian and American strategic requirements.

This kind of realism is a sheer anachronism since June 17. The rising in the Eastern Zone and the earlier disturbances at Pilsen demonstrated that, in Eastern Germany and even in Czechoslovakia, the regimes imposed by the Russians have lost all popular support. Whatever Washington or the Kremlin may wish, the *status quo* in Eastern Europe has become untenable since June 17. Before that date it was possible to believe that the best way of preserving peace was to keep Europe and Germany divided into an American and a Russian sphere of influence. But today it is clear that peace cannot be preserved unless we can find a way to these peoples which both avoids general war and meets the requirements of Russian security.

This demands a drastic change in Western policy. For years, the Atlantic Powers have talked about liberation and German unity, but this propaganda has merely been a cover which concealed the real design of keeping Germany partitioned and rearming the Federal Republic. If we really want to see free elections in Eastern Germany and Czechoslovakia, we cannot simultaneously demand that a united Germany should be rearmed and included in the Atlantic Pact. Liberation, in fact, will only become a policy, as distinct from a psychological warfare slogan, when we are prepared to make sacrifices in order to achieve it. If the Western Powers really care about the freedom of Eastern Europe, they must at least be prepared to pay the price of permitting a unified Germany to be neutralised for a period, and they must publicly admit that the relaxation of the Russian grip on Eastern Europe must be compensated by an American withdrawal from Western Europe and the British Isles. Until these two principles are accepted by Washington and London, the bundles for Berlin will remain a successful but sterile propaganda stunt.

The Reply from Moscow

The Russians have accepted the Western Powers' invitation to a conference of Foreign Ministers in terms which raise further doubts whether any good will come of such a meeting, or whether it will indeed be held at all. The Soviet argument that it would be unprofitable, without a general *détente*, to tackle in isolation the obdurate problem of Germany, is incontrovertible; and it was always unlikely that the Russians would agree to all-German elections without some prior understanding as to the terms of the peace treaty which a unified Reich would be required to sign. That is, would an all-German Government be free, or not, to re-

arm and make, in effect, a military alliance with the West? But the conference would surely have had a wide enough agenda if its scope had been confined to Europe—not excluding the question of American bases on the one hand, and the presence of Russian forces in the satellite countries on the other. To insist, as the U.S.S.R. is now doing, that the Conference must include in its purview the whole of the Far East, and that the Americans must therefore be prepared to have a representative of Communist China sitting at the table with them, is scarcely conducive to a fruitful meeting. If the Western Powers could fairly be charged with making difficulties in seeking to confine the conference to the almost insoluble problem of Germany, the Soviet Union gives the impression of making, for tactical purposes, an equally unhelpful riposte. With an agenda widened to include the whole world from the Sakhalin Islands to Casablanca, the sort of Conference for which the Russians are now asking would give limitless scope for mutual recriminations and reciprocal barrages of propaganda.

Inevitably, Western comment is that the Russian Note does not make it clear whether Moscow wants the Chinese to take part in discussions on the future of Germany, and what bases in the West they particularly object to. Inevitably, the West wants "clarification." The Kremlin can presumably reply in kind. Then we shall be back at the futile arguments which wearied the world at the Palais Rose. It was exactly this danger which Sir Winston Churchill warned us against. In the meantime, in his absence, the practical issues of the Far East confront British Ministers at the U.N. Assembly where, on August 17, a strange diplomatic game will be played. Britain has a chance to give a lead in frustrating efforts to push India off the political conference, and in ensuring that the "etc." of the agenda includes the larger issues of reconstruction, but *not,* at this stage, the unification of Korea.

Mr. Dulles at Seoul

A somewhat chastened Mr. Dulles has arrived in Seoul for talks with Syngman Rhee. The notorious press conference—which drove Mr. Butler into support of Mr. Attlee's firm protest and aroused murmurs of disapproval even in America—has been partially explained away. The United States, we are now told in a State Department handout, will not come to any final decision in the attitude it will adopt at the political conference until after consultation with its allies. The danger that Mr. Dulles will break up the conference after 90 days and "go it alone" in Korea is still there, but slightly reduced. On the other hand, the selection of Senator Knowland to replace Mr. Taft as Republican floor leader in the Senate bodes nothing but ill. It is true that Mr. Knowland was opposed by the lunatic fringe, headed by Mr. Jenner, on the ground that he is a moderate who has supported Mr. Eisenhower's legislative programme. But Mr. Knowland is no moderate in his attitude to Far Eastern affairs. Ever since he entered the Senate he has been the leading spokesman of the China Lobby and recently supported Mr. Rhee in his opposition to the truce. Unless Mr. Eisenhower uses the occasion of Mr. Taft's death to assert his Presidential authority—even at the cost of getting rid of Mr. Dulles, splitting his own Party and relying on Democratic support—the political conference is doomed to deadlock before it starts. But has the President the capacity for this kind of statesmanship? True enough, in recent weeks his carefully laid plans for rebuffing Senator McCarthy have been successful. Something much bolder than this manœuvre will be required to rescue American foreign policy from the Congressional morass into which it has sunk—along with Mr. Dulles.

Death of Mr. Republican

The sudden illness which struck down Senator Taft has removed the greatest character actor from the American stage. Bob Taft was both an aristocrat and a professional politician; a man of rock-ribbed prejudice who yet displayed an almost eccentric intellectual integrity; a diehard with disconcertingly progressive views on such modern topics as public housing. It was surely inevitable that he should be nicknamed Mr. Republican because he personified all the contradictions of the G.O.P., in particular its obstinate desire to combine a strong foreign policy with an avoidance of foreign entanglements. Many who "liked Ike" at the Republican Convention, and hoped that the General would release the Party from the grip of the Old Guard, came to regret his nomination when they were forced to contrast his patent incompetence in the White House with Mr. Taft's skill in the Senate. Accepting his defeat with dignity, Mr. Taft served the President loyally, protecting him against his own defects and those of his amateur Cabinet. His death is a devastating blow to a weak Administration. Bob Taft was often perversely wrong particularly in his judgment on foreign affairs. But his deep-rooted isolationism and devotion to an old-fashioned America provided a bulwark against imperialist and Fascist tendencies which will be sorely missed.

An American Responsibility

Not one of the 12,000 Kuomintang troops which invaded and settled down in Burmese territory has yet left—and this in spite of the Assembly Resolution (supported by every Member except Chiang Kai-shek's representative) which, last April, laid it down that they must either submit to being interned or to be withdrawn immediately. An agreed evacuation plan was also drawn up in Bangkok by the military representatives of America, Thailand, Nationalist China and Burma. When the time came to discuss details, the K.M.T. Commanders in Mongshat, their main centre in Burma, refused to guarantee the security of the Burmese representatives. When talks were transferred to Bangkok, these five K.M.T. saboteurs launched such wild propaganda that the American and Formosan representatives rebuked their irresponsibility. Their next line was the announcement that they would not withdraw from Burmese territory until ordered by General Li Mi. When the Committee ordered the General to Bangkok, he pleaded illness and sent his deputy and two staff officers on July 7. Now at last the evacuation seemed in sight. But, no. General Li Mi told Chiang Kai-shek that he would on no conditions issue orders to his National Salvation Anti-Communist Army to withdraw from Burma where their sole mission was to act as a barrier between the Chinese Communists and their opposite numbers in Burma. Observers on the spot are beginning to ask whether these K.M.T. tactics would continue if America really exerted pressure in Bangkok and Taipeh. The Government in Formosa could scarcely have existed without American aid and the K.M.T. troops in Burma are dependent on military assistance from Formosa transported in a shuttle service of planes piloted (unofficially) by Americans.

Back to Smuts

Publication of correspondence between Mr. Strauss and Dr. Malan shows that the idea of official, inter-Party talks on the constitutional deadlock in South Africa has been dropped. The possibility, however, still remains of a bargain between the United Party and the Government which would restore "White solidarity" at the cost of the non-White communities, and especially of the Coloured voters of Cape Province. On their side the Nationalist leaders seem prepared to conciliate Opposition White opinion. Behind-the-scenes negotiation between leaders of the two parties is said to have produced a compromise which would give the Nationalists the two-thirds majority they need in order to alter the Constitution, so as to remove the Coloured voters from the common roll (or at least reduce the number of Coloured voters by raising the voting qualification), but would assure the United Party that the equality of status of English and Afrikaans would remain untouched.

One of the pressures making for this inter-White compromise is the shortage of foreign capital, said to be caused in turn by the reluctance of foreign capitalists to invest in a country so badly torn with communal strife. It is a safe guess that the Americans, now investing fairly heavily in mining ventures in southern Africa, have urged that the Nationalists and the United Party should get together in order to present a common front against the growing militancy of the non-White communities; and it may be assumed that mining interests in the City of London have taken the same line. Their point of view, widely shared by South African mining interests, was clearly expressed in a recent speech by a United Party leader, Mr. Lawrence, in which he said that "the vast majority of people" were becoming increasingly conscious of the paramount need for White solidarity in approaching the problems of multi-racial communities in Africa south of the Sahara.

Agenda for Douglas

The preliminary agenda for the Trades Union Congress at Douglas next month marks a significant shift of interest in the industrial side of the Labour Movement. The question of wages policy takes a back seat: apart from one resolution tabled by the Public Employees, which nibbles at the idea of "national regulation," the conception of "restraint" is brushed aside. As was always to be expected when Mr. Butler introduced his "stimulating" Budget last April, the unions will go ahead with their individual plans for securing as large a slice of the cake as

possible. It looks, indeed, as if the most interesting debates will revolve around the question of further extension of public ownership to specific industries, and the relations between the T.U.C. and the political wing of the Movement. The report on public ownership prepared by the Economic Committee and endorsed by the General Council has yet to appear; and, in the meantime, only the Foundry Workers and, very much less explicitly, the N.U.M., have come out in favour of further steps towards nationalisation. The General and Municipal Workers, however, have put down a resolution urging the General Council to examine jointly with the Labour Party, "the liaison machinery between the two bodies with a view to effecting such improvements as will ensure a better public relationship and put an end to personal attacks in the Press." There is much to be said in favour of closer consultation; but we suspect that the purpose of this resolution is simply to curb such criticism as was evoked by the decision of some leading figures in the T.U.C. to accept posts in denationalised industry. The sincerity of the General and Municipal Workers in pleading for "better public relationship" would have been more obvious if that union had not decided to withdraw from the National Executive of the Labour Party its nominee, Mr. Mark Hewitson, who had supported outright nationalisation of the chemical industry despite the known opposition of the T.U.C.

DELHI

The Kashmir Talks

A Correspondent writes: When Mr. Mohammad Ali visits Delhi in a few weeks' time, he will feel as much at home in the Indian capital as Mr. Nehru felt in Karachi. At no time in the past six years have relations between India and Pakistan been better, and it is appreciated in Delhi as much as it is in Karachi that this change in atmosphere has been largely brought about by Mohammad Ali and his colleagues.

With this goodwill on both sides the two Prime Ministers have been able to make progress on the procedure for compensating evacuees for property left behind by them in the other country, on the treatment of minorities, on the care and management of Sikh shrines in Pakistan, on the exchange of enclaves in Cooch Bihar and East Pakistan and on the much needed development of communications. On the question of canal waters they made arrangements for an Indo-Pakistan Working Party to visit Washington to negotiate loans from the International Bank. But all these matters, important as they are, cannot be finally settled if the Kashmir question remains unsolved.

No one in the sub continent knows what happened in Karachi. There is no solution of the Kashmir problem which has not already been discussed and abandoned. The only answer is that today both India and Pakistan must have so modified their attitudes that one of the many solutions suggested earlier has been revived as a basis for discussion. What precisely it is will remain a matter of conjecture for some time; it is probably the idea of an autonomous Kashmir guaranteed by India and Pakistan. What is significant is that a basis for renewing direct negotiations, as against the advice of the United Nations, has been found.

The Indian position vis-a-vis the Kashmir Government has been prejudiced by the many months of agitation carried on by Hindu communal elements within and without the State. Although the movement was called off on the death of the Jan Sangha leader, Dr. S. P. Mookerjee, the damage it did has not been undone; threats to restart agitation continue to be made by Praja Parishad leaders. This has created suspicion in the minds of the Muslims of the valley, and even Sheikh Abdullah has expressed doubts about the wisdom of complete integration of the State with India. Pakistani elements in Kashmir have for the first time come into the open and expressed their hostility to Abdullah's pro-Indian regime. Mr. Nehru realises that each time the Kashmir situation deteriorates as a result of Dogra recalcitrance or of a worsening of relations with Pakistan, communal elements in India get a new lease of life. It is the only real danger to his dream of a secular India.

On the Pakistan side it is now appreciated that no Government can remain stable as long as the Kashmir question remains a burning topic; they simply have to come to terms with India. The only way to do that is to abandon claims of complete integration and seek a compromise. This is possible if the present atmosphere is prolonged. "The essential need," said Mr. Nehru before leaving Karachi, "is that friendliness should continue. The agreements would then take care of themselves." The Pakistan Prime Minister was noticeably non-commital at his Press Conference. "The progress I had expected with regard to the Kashmir dispute has not been made," he stated, and his earlier hopes that a solution might be found by the end of the year "might not prove possible." But he added that there was a will on both parts to find a solution, and whether discussion by the Security Council should continue to be suspended to enable the two countries to try to reach agreement independently would depend, he said, on the outcome of his forthcoming talks in Delhi.

CHILE

Dr. Eisenhower's Visit

A Correspondent writes: Dr. Eisenhower's visit notwithstanding, Chile has decided to open negotiations with the Iron Curtain countries. This move makes a new breach in the U.S. raw materials front. Chilean copper will follow Bolivian tin and Argentine agricultural products in their search for markets behind the Curtain. This time, the U.S. can hardly blame the Communists for the new policy. While in Bolivia a revolutionary Government is in power, and Argentina's trade pact with Russia cheerfully defies Uncle Sam, Chile has been traditionally a "pro-yankee" country, and the present Ibanez administration has several times laid a heavy hand on the activities of the Communist Party. Moreover, in many important speeches during his first months in office, President Ibanez emphasised the fact that Chile needed closer relations with the U.S.

In the north of Chile there are over 60,000 tons of copper bars waiting for a buyer. The price asked is 35.5 U.S. cents per lb. The U.S. refuses to purchase this copper, and the pile grows every day as Chile's internal difficulties increase. Dr. Eisenhower was asked to exert his influence in persuading his country to purchase this stock of copper, but he could only answer that both "Ike" and himself trusted the law of supply and demand to determine a price at which that copper would be purchased. To the plea for funds for new developments plans in Chile he answered that drastic reductions in foreign aid would have to be made by the U.S. The very afternoon that he left, the Chilean Government started negotiations with Czechoslovakia for the purchase of 50,000 tons of copper. This would be paid in Czech assets in London.

Scott Henderson Whitewash

THE Home Secretary would have done well to remember, in calling for a general benediction on the Scott Henderson inquiry into the Evans-Christie murder trials, that some graceless person always dissents. He may have been lulled by the almost cynically quiescent attitude of those newspapers which, having unanimously and vainly demanded a public inquiry, in the event accepted the Scott Henderson Report with the philosophical calm of satiety. They had "run" Christie long enough; everyone was tired of him; and now—like Evans—he was safely hanged, and not the most fabulous sums could induce him to tell more tales.

It is more doubtful whether Sir David Maxwell Fife foresaw, when he refused time for a debate on this profoundly unsatisfactory Report, that it would nevertheless sustain a two-and-three-quarter hours debate a few nights later during the second reading of the Consolidated Fund (Appropriation) Bill—an occasion when any matter of public interest may be raised as of right. But neither Sir David nor the Tory back-benchers who decried Mr. Michael Foot's vigorous denunciations as "disgusting" and "shameful," can lightly dismiss the criticisms of Mr. Geoffrey Bing, Q.C., who opened the debate, and Mr. R. T. Paget, Q.C., who dealt with Sir David's reply to it. These are not the uneasy objections of bewildered laymen. They are not the opportunist tactics of another Bevanite sortie, though Mr. Bevan wound up the debate with a powerful demand for a public inquiry. They amount to a considered condemnation of the Scott Henderson inquiry.

Mr. Geoffrey Bing began with the two famous coincidences—first, "that there should be two killers, killing their victims in exactly the same way, hiding them (as it turned out) in exactly the same place, and acting completely independently of each other"; and, secondly, that Evans, knowing nothing of any murders committed by Christie, "nevertheless chose to accuse, just by chance, the one person, probably in the whole of London at that time, who was murdering people in exactly the same way." These two coincidences together, said Mr. Bing, were too much: they really forced the inquiry. If it had been known at Evans's trial that Christie, the main witness against him, had already murdered two women, had hidden their bodies temporarily in the very washhouse where Evans had been accused of hiding bodies, and had subsequently buried them in the garden, would Evans have been condemned? It was only by a "wonderfully lucky chance" that he was convicted, in that the police were not able to put all the facts before the court. "If the police had had the good fortune" (a kindly phrase) "to unearth all the evidence, there would have been a most serious miscarriage of justice," said Mr. Bing: "Evans, whom Mr. Scott Henderson pronounces guilty, would have been acquitted."

What no one had yet suggested was that the police had *knowingly* suppressed any evidence in order to get him convicted. Mr. Bing has now

shown plainly enough that important evidence *was* suppressed, and has now been suppressed again because the Scott Henderson inquiry was a secret one. At the time of the Evans murders there were decorators in the house at 10, Rillington Place—a plasterer, his mate, a carpenter, and their employer. The employer kept careful time-sheets showing the jobs his men were working on, and their duration. These records were given to the police, who returned them after the trial—except the one relating to the plasterer. The statement made to the police by the plasterer's mate included these words: "It's nonsense your telling me there were bodies in the washhouse, because I myself cleaned it out. It was where I kept my things, where we kept our cement, our plaster and all the rest of it. On the Friday evening no bodies were there." Evans's alleged confession said that he put the child's body there on the Thursday evening, and that of his wife on the Tuesday. Moreover, the pieces of timber by means of which those bodies were concealed, timber taken from the floor of Christie's flat and the floor of the hall by the carpenter, was not available for the purpose until mid-day on the following Monday—a fact still capable of proof by the evidence, and the still available time-sheet, of the carpenter himself. This evidence was not put forward at the trial of Evans in 1950, and it has not even now been considered by Mr. Scott Henderson.

Evans's child was strangled with a necktie—which did not, Evans maintained at his trial, belong to him. A tie was produced in court, but the ownership of it was always in dispute; and it was destroyed by the police when the case was over. Yet "I am satisfied," reported Mr. Scott Henderson, "that all relevant material relating to the deaths of Mrs. Beryl Evans and Geraldine Evans has been put before me." How could he possibly say that, asks Mr. Bing, when the one most important item in dispute has been destroyed? So he builds up his powerful case. . . . Christie was a man who kept Press cuttings; Evans, who was illiterate, did not. But Mr. Scott Henderson produced, as proof of Evans's guilt, the fact that his room contained Press cuttings about the murder of Max Setty . . . Evans's alleged confession (after arrest) was said to have given tell-tale particulars that only he could have known; but Mr. Bing was able to show, in his examination of the evidence of two police officers about this, that Evans was given precisely those details at the time of his arrest. Chief Inspector Jennings told Evans that both the victims were strangled, and showed him (among other clothing) the tie alleged to have been used for the purpose; Detective Inspector Black was unable to remember, at the trial, whether the tie was specially mentioned or not. There was no reason on earth why the tie should *not* have been shown to Evans at the time of his arrest, and every reason why he should have been given reasonably full details as to the charge he had to meet. Undue significance has been given to all this, not in order to throw blame on the police action in the matter, but to establish Mr. Scott Henderson's view that, above all else, it proves Evans's guilt. When Mr. Bevan mentioned this during the Home Secretary's speech, Sir David merely rebuked him for getting in a longish interruption without making a new point: but Mr. Bevan's point, like most of Mr. Bing's, was never answered.

An important point of Mr. Foot's that met the same fate concerned Mr. Scott Henderson's refusal to allow the Evans family to be represented at the inquiry. A distinguished Q.C. was ready to act for them without fee. "The procedure I had adopted," says Mr. Scott Henderson, "was not such as fitted in with formal presentation of evidence by an interested party." But no one had suggested formal presentation; the only "party" that had any "interest" was the Evans family; and if this had not been happening in a death-penalty country, that is to say, if Evans had been in prison serving a long sentence at the time of the inquiry—no one would have been content that he should be denied legal representation at it.

The Evans murder case was an obscure and squalid one, unsensational, rating barely a column in the *News of the World*. It has happened to come, three years too late, under the blinding glare of publicity touched off by the Christie case and the possibility that an innocent man has been hanged; and it appears now as a drab little affair in which Justice was leaning on one elbow and not always looking.

We do not associate ourselves with the personal reflections made on Mr. Scott Henderson during the debate in the House. But whitewash in such a matter is intolerable, and the case for a public inquiry into the Evans-Christie murders is now overwhelming, and the Home Secretary must not be allowed to think that he has given a final reply.

Challenge to Britain

VI. The Burden of Defence

To begin with, *Challenge to Britain* is an economic programme: it does not deal with either Foreign Affairs or Defence. Nevertheless, the Labour Party must formulate its approach to these two questions sooner or later. The alternative Government must, in particular, make it perfectly clear where it stands on the vital matter of the defence of the country. Any statement from the Labour Party, then, on Defence, should express at the outset profound concern and solicitude for the health and strength of the armed forces of the nation. Our record while in office fully entitles us to claim that no Government has ever been more careful to ensure the defence of the country by sustaining the armed forces, than were the Labour administrators between 1945 and 1951.

What we have now to do is in effect to think out with the utmost care a broad "overall directive" for the armed forces in the period ahead. This is the inalienable responsibility of the civil power. Such a general directive must be transmitted through the Defence Ministers to the Chiefs of Staff. These latter must then address themselves to the technical question of how best to carry it out within the limits of that share of the national resources which can be made available to them. Moreover, a correct appreciation of the tasks facing our armed forces at any given time is the thing which matters most of all, in the long run, to the men and women who compose them. It is, literally, a life and death issue for the forces that they shall be asked to undertake only those tasks and commitments which are right and possible. It is our duty to define the broad limits of those tasks and commitments, and then to provide forces adequate to perform them. Nothing is too good, within the limits of the national resources, by way of material means, weapons, adequate living conditions, proper pay and pensions, etc., for those on whom we lay the burden of safeguarding the realm. No one who has seen the young Service men and women of today, Regular and National Service men alike, will doubt their superlative quality. They are the best we have. It is a supreme duty of the Government of the day to see, not only that they are adequately sustained and well treated, but also that their efforts are directed to the right ends.

This approach to Defence will inevitably seem somewhat strange to some of those senior and respected members of our movement who were brought up in the pacifist tradition. But it is indispensable that the Labour Party should make it clear that it is determined to provide Defence forces of a size and quality which, all things considered, will best promote the strength and independence of the nation. In the dangerous world of the mid-20th century we can do no other. But what size and kind of Defence forces will in fact best promote the strength and independence of the nation today? It is clear, of course, that Defence forces may be too large and costly as well as too small and cheap. Sooner rather than later, the Party must make up its mind whether it really considers that the present level of Defence expenditure, namely, some £1,600 millions per year, or 12-14 per cent. of the national income, plus a manpower with the colours of 869,000 men, really does best promote the strength and independence of Britain.

Before we can answer that question we must face the fact that, if we accept the whole approach to Defence to which the nation is committed today, we shall almost certainly need at least all this money and all these men. In fact, it is only too probable that, on the old basis of policy, the world-wide commitments which are at present stretching our forces—above all our Army—to the utmost, will grow rather than diminish. Therefore, any decision to reconsider the proportion of the national resources devoted to Defence—above all in men but also in money—inevitably involves a reconsideration of the *tasks* which we shall ask our armed forces to perform.

At present our Defence forces have three main tasks. First, they provide a British component for the Nato forces facing the Russians. This consists of some 4½ Divisions of the Army. The greater part of the Royal Air Force, and nearly the whole of the Royal Navy, are, in one way or another, also committed to this task. In the case of the R.A.F., this task occupies, not only the Tactical Air Force, but Fighter Command, the task of which is to safeguard the main base, namely these islands, and also Bomber Command, the task of which is to provide the deterrent potentiality of an air counter-blow. In the same way, the real and vital task of the Navy has now become the safeguarding of the main base by keeping open its supply routes.

The second task of our armed forces is to help to counter the potential expansionism of the new Government of China. The best part of two Divisions of the Army, in Korea and Hong Kong, with some Naval and Air Forces are committed to this task.

The third task on which our forces are being employed may be described as that of striving forcibly to maintain those parts of our old Imperial position which we have not transformed, or are not transforming, into the new type of free Commonwealth Association. This type of essentially Imperial commitment is increasingly of a most costly and arduous nature. To it are devoted some 20,000 troops in Malaya (not in Divisional formations) plus some 10,000 non-British troops under our Command, with some Air, and a little Naval, forces; 80,000 men in the Canal Zone of Egypt and some Air; a Brigade in Kenya, and various other smaller commitments.

It is on this third task that we should concentrate our attention. For the truth is that we cannot ourselves settle the extent of our commitment on the other two tasks. We can all hope that the cold war with Russia will thaw. We can have similar hopes in regard to China, and we can firmly refuse to become involved in a full-scale war with her except in the event of the most extreme aggression on her part. But we cannot ourselves *decide* on the extent of these commitments. At the moment of writing the prospect of some reduction in these burdens seems somewhat better than it was. But at bottom this type of Defence commitment does not depend upon our relations with particular States at particular times. These are, in essence, the burdens of providing Defensive and Striking Forces adequate to enable us to hold our own against potentially hostile foreign States, whosoever they may be. The world is in far too disturbed a condition for it to be probable that we shall be able to dispense with substantial forces of this kind for some time.

It is, then, in regard to the third task that we can and should ask the question: "Are all our present commitments really necessary?" And behind that question is another. Do we, or do we not, consider it in the true national interests to attempt to maintain by force the old type of Imperial position? For I repeat, if we answer this second question in the affirmative, we shall need more rather than less men and money for the job. If, for example, the Labour Government had decided to try to maintain our old Imperial position in India, Burma, Pakistan and Ceylon, we should probably have needed as many Divisions again (i.e., 10) as we have overseas today! It has only been by resolutely embarking upon the policy of transforming the old Empire, resting as it did in the last resort on armed force, into a free Commonwealth Association, that we have even been able to reduce our commitments of this type even to their present level.

In my view, the main principle underlying a Labour Defence policy for Britain today must be the steady continuance of this process of the transformation of a forcibly dominated Empire into a freely associating Commonwealth, involving the right of nations to leave the Commonwealth if and when they wish to do so—as, for example, Burma did. There is nothing new or shocking in such a policy. On the contrary, not only did the Labour Government pursue it, but *in certain instances*, namely the Sudan and West Africa, the present Government is continuing it. What is now needed is a clearer enunciation of the principle and a much firmer implementation of the practice. For it will only be if such a policy is genuinely implemented that even the *prospect* of the reduction of our Defence burden to more normal limits, instead of its increase to a still higher level than at present, especially in terms of manpower, will be opened up.

JOHN STRACHEY

(To be concluded)

Cairo Diary

THE large company of journalists from many countries who had been invited to Cairo to celebrate the Anniversary of the Junta's seizure of power were, I believe, all impressed by General Neguib and his team. They were so unlike any former rulers of Egypt. They were businesslike, determined and unpretentious; their worst enemies do not deny that they are honest, capable and more than usually disinterested. If they are young, this is the one fault that time will certainly cure. Neguib, obviously the oldest of them, is only 52. I met no one who was not impressed by his sincerity. When he spoke of the necessity of Britain's unconditional withdrawal from the Canal Zone, no one asked if he meant what he said, as they did when Salah Salem, the Minister of National Guidance (as we should say propaganda), talked of blood flowing in the gutters. It is important to remember that Neguib is half-Sudanese; no one could doubt that he desires to befriend and co-operate with the Sudan, not to exploit it after the manner of previous Egyptian rulers.

Most of the Junta are of middle-class origin. The most formidable member of the team is Abdel-Nasser, who bears something of the same relation to Neguib that Sardar Patel bore towards Nehru. If Neguib is the popular figure who must be seen everywhere and must conduct foreign relations and understand the wider aspects of the movement, Nasser, like Patel, is the tough organiser with a narrower, more detailed and precise grasp. The future of Britain and Egypt depends, I should say, very much on whether British diplomacy finally makes Nasser a friend or an enemy. It is useless at this time to accuse the Junta of having no thought-through philosophy. For them it is enough that their country has for centuries been humiliated and degraded by foreign conquest and Pasha rule and that they have their hands full regenerating it.

* * *

On the morning of the National Day celebrations it should be recorded that as the British journalists walked to their places on the stands to watch the military parade, they were enthusiastically cheered by the crowd, which no doubt thought, rightly enough, that all guests of the Government should be treated as friends. The parade itself was not more or less interesting than other processions of soldiers, armoured cars, tanks and the rest of it. But the watching crowd was a fascination. With no barriers to help them, the police in khaki drill and red tarbooshes could only push back the tide which ceaselessly sought to narrow the fairway along which the parade must pass. The crowd was constantly excited by some fanatic who would climb on the shoulders of his neighbours and yell slogans and impassional chants of praise about the greatness of Neguib. Pushed back in one place by mounted police, the crowd would break through in another. Soldiers with rifles would then take a turn, only to find that another bulge had burst farther down the road. Canes, fists and even camel whips were used with no more than transient effect. A dramatic incident occurred exactly opposite us. A shouting man in a blue shirt escaped from the jostling crowd and dashed across the road, where he was roughly seized upon by half a dozen angry police. Someone said that he wished no more than to pay his personal respects to the General. A breathless army officer arrived, yelling to the police to wait. The undisciplined one was rescued and taken up to the General. This I took to be the modern equivalent of the incidents in the Arabian Nights where the poor petitioner before the throne of Haroun Al Raschid is saved from the punishing zeal of the royal attendants because the Khalif himself intervenes, grants his petition, loads him with jewels and orders him to be given sherbet to drink. . . . On this 20th-century occasion the parade ended with the crowd winning its way. It swept across the road, engulfing the passing military cars. Everyone was relieved; we had seen too many tanks. The triumph of the proletariat? I asked somebody. "Oh, no," said my friend who had much experience. "Parades in Cairo always end in this way. When the police are tired, they decide that the prestige of the regime is best served by allowing the populace to demonstrate its overwhelming enthusiasm."

* * *

Later the same day some of us accompanied General Neguib on a two-hour train journey to a village where he was redistributing land. No one could doubt that his popularity was real. No one could confuse it with the organised cheering which followed Farouk when he made a royal progress through the countryside accompanied by a bodyguard armed with machine guns. The scores of police gathered on every station platform when Neguib's train stopped en route were hard put to it to prevent his enthusiastic supporters from committing suicide under the wheels. Egyptian propaganda foolishly declared that Neguib is the only ruler in the world who needs no bodyguard! But the silly boast makes a point. The men and boys—women were not numerous—who jumped off the platforms on to the railway lines and mobbed the General as he got in his car, were not sightseers. They were men with hope. The fair comparison is with President Cardenas, whom I once saw walking bareheaded and unprotected amidst a vast throng of revolutionary Mexican peons. How many times had these fellaheens heard politicians of the Wafd make their promises, and what had ever come of them? But Neguib brought tangible benefits. Tens of thousands of acres had actually been taken from the rich pashas; here in this village farm land was actually being given to the fellaheen who had laboured and starved on it. A local committee had decided that Abdul this or Mohamed that, being good workers owning less than five acres already, should have allotments from the pasha's estate, should be members of a co-operative society which (provided there was the honest personnel ready to organise it!) would obtain credit from the Bank, buy machinery and make all its members at least comparatively prosperous. This agrarian reform, which was explained to us in detail by Wing-Commander Salem, the Member of the Junta who is particularly in charge of Agriculture, is the one fully-developed item in Egypt's new programme of social change. Success of the Junta depends not only on speedy land reform but on land creation. Two million acres are to be irrigated by a great dam project, but the technical difficulties have not yet been overcome. Even if all this programme is fulfilled, the pressure of population on land will remain unless there can be rapid industrialisation. This is the classical place to study Malthus.

* * *

Everywhere in the Middle and Far East these two demands will somehow or other be satisfied. Nationalism will insist on the end of colonial rule; the peasantry will riot and revolt as long as others live well on the soil which the peasant tills. In comparison with these demands, the desperate need for health and sanitary measures and the universal thirst for education are politically of secondary importance. And the Junta are

fully aware of their dilemma. Unlike other dictatorial regimes it has not as yet imprisoned its opponents. It acts outside the law, with no one but Nahas Pasha, the old and now impotent leader of the Wafd, to complain of its lawlessness. The Junta has promised not to put its popularity to the test for at least three years. But no one believes that at the end of so short a period it will stop, with its work a quarter done, and plunge into the hazards of what is euphemistically called Egyptian democracy. Inevitably the dispossessed pashas, the discredited and ambitious party leaders, the disappointed followers who hoped for land and other benefits but who have not received them—all these will be ready to oppose the Junta if they get the chance. Will the Junta allow them to organise an opposition? Will the prisons be filled with leaders of the Muslim Brotherhood, the Communists and other extremist groups? Will the Junta find a way of legalising its position lest once more democratic revolution, based today on the overwhelming support of the masses as well as on the army, turn itself into a military dictatorship? The question poses itself more sharply on the Western than on the Eastern mind, which takes some degree of dictatorship for granted and judges by its actions and its benevolence, not by the legality of counted votes. But the Junta, as I learned from conversation with its members, is well aware of the problem. To meet it, Abdel-Nasser is organising throughout the country a National Liberation Movement.

* * *

As I drove along the Sweet Water Canal to Ismailia and was shown the vast area of stores and equipment that dot the desert all the way to Suez, I understood better than before the reluctance of the British to evacuate the zone. They don't believe that the Base can be satisfactorily dispersed to Libya, Cyprus and Gaza, or that in its present form, scattered over a hundred miles, it is a good target for an atom bomb; they know it is unique to have a Base where three Divisions can be fully equipped with every modern device within a matter of a few days; they fear that once the British have gone out they will not in practice be able to return. They argue that to ask them to withdraw unconditionally and trust to making a Treaty of "re-entry" afterwards is to expect from them an unreasonable act of faith. They forget that to evacuate, as we have agreed to do, after making a Treaty with the Egyptians, is no less an act of faith. Indeed, if the Egyptians sign now because they despair of any other way of getting rid of the British, the successors of General Neguib are much less likely to honour his signature than they would be to keep their word freely given after evacuation. All this is not obvious to the "old sweats"—I use the word here for the old hands who always say they can "sweat it out"—just because to go without a precise and detailed Treaty seems to them like scuttling before an enemy whom they have never respected. But to a young officer with whom I fell in talk, the idea of leaving the Suez without a Treaty sealed, signed and delivered, seemed wholly sensible. I think he was typical. We met in circumstances of peculiar anonymity. Seeking refreshment, I had dived into the Large Bitter Lake, only to find that its temperature was somewhat above that which one expects of a hot bath in wintertime. I had swum out to a raft and clambered out to enjoy a whiff of breeze that comes off the lake. The temperature was 105 degrees. I was told that the men's morale was excellent in spite of the shortage of married quarters, the isolation, the boredom, and the heat. I am sure that is true; but I doubt if the men want to "sweat it out" until the choice is between guerrilla war and a Treaty that suits back-bench Tories.

KINGSLEY MARTIN

ODIOUS COMPARISON

If ever you go to Dolgelly,
Don't stay at the — — Hotel;
There's nothing to put in your belly,
And no one to answer the bell.

Thomas Hughes

If at British hotels you protest
And find their discomfort expensive,
If nothing is done for the guest
And the staff is offhand or offensive,
If standards are shockingly low
Compared with resorts Continental,
It's high time the tourist should know
Bad service is not accidental,
Sir or Madam!

If your baggage is lost or delayed,
If you find the receptionist chilling,
If you don't see a sign of a maid,
If the porter and page are not willing,
If the hostess does not aim to please,
If the manager's not in attendance,
It shows that hotel employees
In Britain enjoy independence,
Sir or Madam!

Don't ask that the British hotel
Should take Swiss or French for a model—
The German may answer the bell,
Italians the epicure coddle,
The foreign *chef* study your taste
As if his life hung on the question—
The Briton has no time to waste
On your appetite, or your digestion,
Sir or Madam!

If after the dining-room shuts,
The staff seems resentful and surly
When you order a plate of cold cuts—
If meals are too late or too early,
If complaints are not handled with tact,
If they make you feel you have intruded—
In the terms of the Catering Act
Civility was not included,
Sir or Madam!

The traveller may not be decoyed
When *hotelliers* blow Britain's trumpet,
But if your stay isn't enjoyed,
You can jolly well like it or lump it.
The country needs visitors' gold,
For *tourisme* the Government caters—
But it's time that the tourist was told
We are not a nation of waiters,
Sir or Madam!

SAGITTARIUS

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed.

One wet evening I saw to my astonishment a man walking towards me holding an enormous umbrella, not by the handle but by the little knob on top. When he came nearer I saw beneath the umbrella a large dry dog, walking contentedly along, while his master braved the pouring rain.—Letter in *Woman's Own*. (Miss V. Barrow.)

He came from North London, she from Stepney. I think the husband was a little inclined to entertain the supposition that his status was superior," said the Commissioner—*Oxford Mail*. (Cecily Clark.)

Mr. H. D. Day, farmer, of Christchurch, Cambridge, noted as a judge of pigs, was called on to help select three beauty queens while on holiday at Hunstanton, Norfolk.—*Daily Mail*. (D. A. Porter.)

A cloud of dust raised by workmen rushing to get back to work when the foreman appeared was the cause of an action brought by —— at Westminster County Court to-day.—*Evening Standard*. (B. Greenman.)

Who is to Own Industry?

THE debate about nationalisation centres today too much around the problems of technical efficiency of individual industries. Labour propaganda has allowed it to be so; some of the leaders have even encouraged it. But far deeper issues arise, of which not the least involves the whole strategy and philosophy of modern industrial investment. Labour ought to embark upon a deliberate campaign for the intellectual conversion of many thoughtful people who are not irretrievably committed to the Tory party.

We start from a position of unanimity. There is general agreement that Britain now requires, at home and overseas, a sharp and sustained increase in investment to re-equip key industries and largely to re-deploy our industrial resources. But how is it to be done? Tory philosophy sees investment as the function of the individual, with government concerned only to create suitable conditions. This can be done by a policy of allowing more industrial profits to accrue. This means public economy and tax concessions in order, as *The Times* says, "to create the conditions and furnish the wherewithal of capital for a radical adaptation of the nation's resources and activities." But for a sufficient investment policy, the economies must be much more severe than any so far imposed in Tory Budgets. When the Chancellor says "No big economies without big changes in policy," *The Times* comments: "Mr. Butler is right . . . But the biggest changes of all in policy, upon which the nation's economic (and military) survival depend, are impossible without big economies."

In practice all of this means that for the sake of liberating sufficient resources for major capital re-deployment, policy has to bear down harshly upon the poorest third of the community. Wage policy, price policy, subsidy policy, tax policy, and stringent changes in the social services will all combine to one end. We cannot scatter in "social largesse" today what we need to invest for tomorrow; someone must go without. The poorest third of the community, in the immediate post-war years, caught a glimpse, not of luxurious living, but of modest utility lives. They are to be pressed back now into sub-standard lives on sub-standard rations with sub-standard opportunities. And this is to be done for the very purpose of providing the capital which, when turned into physical assets, will be owned and controlled by the top Tories and their friends.

Who and how many are the main beneficiaries of this Tory policy? The Tory offers us a picture of large-scale industrial ownership spread fairly evenly amongst millions of citizens each owning his modest share. Thus in column 1866 of *Hansard* on February 7, 1951, Mr. John Freeman:

> In times of slump this [the steel] industry finds it well-nigh impossible to resolve the conflicting rights of the shareholders and the nation.

Brigadier Thorp:

> They *are* the nation.

(Thorp's italics: I heard him.)

We must here beware of a statistical trap set by the fact that each of a very large number of people happens to own a few odd pounds' worth of shares in something or other. If all these people are divided into the total of all the holdings, the "average holding" turns out to be not very large. But there is a slightly different question. Instead of "What is the size of the *average* shareholding?" let us ask: "How wealthy are the men in whose hands the majority

of shares are found?" On this question a careful analysis was made by The *Banker* in December 1950; and it is unlikely that distribution has changed very much since the accompanying table appeared:

ESTIMATED DISTRIBUTION OF PRIVATELY-HELD SECURITIES, ETC.

Range of Wealth	Percentage of Total Private Holdings.	
	Government Securities	Shares and Stocks of Joint Stock Co.'s, etc.
Under £2,000	7	2
£2,000–5,000	12	3
£5,000–10,000	14	8
£10,000–20,000	15	14
£20,000–50,000	20	22
Above £50,000	32	51

Perhaps some dim but instinctively accurate knowledge of the state of affairs disclosed in these figures supplies part of the explanation of the mystery which led the Labour Manager of a big engineering works to say recently: "Most British workers give two-thirds of their best. They keep at least one-third up their sleeve."

The fact is that the Tory philosophy of individual saving and investment can work expansively only in one of two sets of circumstances. If a country is fabulously rich, the prices paid by the public will allow the wealthy to plough back a high proportion of the country's annual income without driving more than a tiny minority into sub-standard lives. Hence it works expansively today in America, where a population three times larger than ours works in a well-endowed country twenty-five times bigger than ours. If, on the other hand, a country is not fabulously wealthy, four or five million families have got to labour all the hours of the day, while substantially acquiescing in lives of poverty and squalor. Thus it worked in nineteenth-century Britain.

Neither of these two sets of circumstances can be realised in Britain today. To apply the degree of squeeze which would wring out of consumption and into the hands of private investors sufficient "wherewithal of capital for a radical adaptation of the nation's resources," is socially impossible. It cannot be done except by imposing such a political and industrial defeat upon the workers as would lead to their keeping up their sleeves, not one-third, but, first, two-fifths and then, perhaps, one-half of their best working capacity. Religiously speaking, the attempt to guide this country for another fifty years under Tory investment policy must effectively destroy any prospect of industrial community.

The alternative is the Socialist answer. Large saving and investment are ceasing to be functions of private individuals and institutions, because these cannot do the work except on terms which are socially intolerable. Saving and investing, therefore, must become overwhelmingly the function of the whole community. It is not a painless process. Government has to raise the money for investment in the form of a Budget surplus, won by taxation. As a community, we deliberately forgo consumption in the present for the sake of building up the future. Common ownership and public control, though undoubtedly concerned with the technical efficiency of individual industries, are essential for a much wider purpose. They are essential because the community must own, or at least decisively control, such a wide sector of industry that there is real point and sense in an appeal to the individual to work, and to contribute through taxation, for the expansion and improvement of a mechanism of which he is truly part-owner.

It is true that Socialist plans will all break down unless there are discovered and released in the next few decades such moral forces as will give us a sharp increase in the general level of social responsibility and a much more dynamic response to the whole idea of common effort for the common good. But here again, we find unanimity, from Left to Right. Everyone agrees about the need for social responsibility and common service. But which philosophy enables us to appeal to each other effectively for these desirable social characteristics?

The Tory says: "It's tough. We must invest more. To this end we must arrange, by squeezing the majority, to give more, here and now, to those who, we hope, will buy themselves new factories." Socialists should say: "It's tough. We must invest more. By fair shares of effort and sacrifice, we must buy for ourselves the factories we need."

RICHARD ACLAND

Adlai Stevenson

THANKS to television, several million Englishmen sat in last week on a talk with Governor Stevenson. Some will also have read his reflections on current affairs, written in the course of a world tour and printed in *Picture Post*, and seen the newly published volume* of his campaign speeches. All in all, we have enough evidence to form a judgment on the only Presidential candidate who has ever gained in stature by being overwhelmingly defeated.

The reason why Mr. Stevenson achieved this moral victory is clear enough. The standards of presidential oratory are low, and Mr. Eisenhower did nothing to elevate them during the campaign. It was not what he said but who he was that put him in the White House. Mr. Stevenson, almost unknown outside Illinois, was beaten before he went to the post by a man, famous yet folksy, who needed to do nothing right and say nothing sensible in order to win. Very wisely, he at once realised that his only chance of retrieving the situation for his party was to break every precedent by behaving as though he were already President, and not merely a candidate in a hopeless fight.

While the Eisenhower machine used every routine political stunt in wooing the voters and squaring the vested interests, Mr. Stevenson addressed his countrymen from the highest pulpit of moral authority. The American Legion in New York was firmly told that, if he entered the White House, he would never surrender to their pressure—and then given a sermon on civil liberties. Labour in Detroit was lectured on its responsibilities to industry, and business men in Denver reminded that corruption requires not only an official ready to take a bribe, but a business man willing to give one. Everywhere the Democratic candidate went, his audience were warned that, unlike his opponent, he refused to promise a reduction of taxes or the return of the boys from Korea. Instead of jollying the voter to the poll, Mr. Stevenson gave him the superior feeling that it was positively indecent even to think about "party politics". That belonged to the bad old days, before the U.S.A. had made her appointment with destiny. Now Americans had come of age, they must put country before party and take their elections as seriously as a Sunday morning service.

> The victory to be won in the twentieth century, this portal to the Golden Age, mocks the pretensions of individual acumen and ingenuity. For it is a citadel guarded by thick walls of ignorance and of mistrust which do not fall before the trumpets' blast or the politicians' imprecations or even a general's baton. They are, my friends, walls that must be directly stormed by the hosts of courage, of morality and of vision, standing shoulder to shoulder, unafraid of ugly truth, contemptuous of lies, half truths, circuses and demagoguery.

This high moral tone was, of course, relieved by the famous wisecracks and witticisms, mostly at the expense of the Republican Party.

> Now, my friends, I shall not argue that it is necessarily fatal to change horses in midstream. But I doubt if it is wise to jump on a struggling two-headed elephant trying to swim in both directions in very rough water.

And again:

> If I don't like what they call creeping Socialism, there is something else I dislike just as much, and that is galloping reaction.

Never before had this type of graduate wit been heard in an American election campaign; and when Mr. Stevenson was accused of talking exclusively to egg-heads, he probably realised that, if his countrymen enjoy the pickings of the pork barrel, they also enjoy being addressed as independent citizens who wouldn't go near it.

So gradually he built up the picture of a statesman who was not a politician, who, in fact, shared the contempt for politics which gives the independent voter his sense of moral superiority. Here was a Democrat who, unlike Harry Truman, was a man of culture and would re-read his Emerson instead of taking time off in the White House playing poker with the Missouri gang. Here was a platonic philosopher king, drafted by the party machine against his will, and resolved to make no concessions either to the bosses or to the public, resolved, indeed, to lose the election unless he could win it on his own terms.

Whether Mr. Stevenson realised it or not, this tactic was the shrewdest electoral expedient he could adopt. Mr. Eisenhower had been nominated owing to the pressure of independents, who disliked corruption and thought it was time for a change but cordially disliked Mr. Taft and the Republican Old Guard. But, once nominated, Ike had discarded his political chastity and prostituted his personality with an abandon which only the amateur can display. Mr. Stevenson's retort was to conduct the campaign which Mr. Eisenhower should have conducted, and to propound the policies he should be executing now that he is President.

It is here that we touch on the riddle of Mr. Stevenson's popularity. Why has he become the darling of the Left? Everything he says marks him out as a conservative, without even a spark of the radicalism of Woodrow Wilson and Franklin Roosevelt. If he approves the New Deal, it is only because it is an accomplished fact; if he criticises the Republican foreign policy, it is only in so far as it departs from the straight and narrow path of military containment. Mr. Stevenson's gospel is that of Mr. George Kennan. His aim is to moralise the American way of life, not to change it; to set the rest of the world an example of enlightened Free Enterprise, and to lead America's allies in an unrelenting struggle against the forces of Communism.

> I want to talk to you tonight about a disease. It is a disease which may have killed more people in this world in the last several years than cancer, than tuberculosis, than heart disease—more than all these combined. It has certainly killed more minds, more souls, more decent human hopes and ambitions, than any corruption—including the darkest days of Hitler. I want to discuss with you the ways that Communism has attacked this nation—and the ways in which this attack has been met.

But the danger is not merely external.

* *Speeches*. By ADLAI G. STEVENSON. *Andre Deutsch*. 12s. 6d.

I say to you that the battle against Communism in America is an infinitely tougher and harder battle than most of the Republican leaders have ever admitted or evidently even understood.

It is clear enough that the man who not only pronounced these words but believed them could not defend the heritage of the New Deal and/or Yalta, or provide much of a bulwark against witch-hunting. Stevenson is ardently opposed to Senator McCarthy and to the China lobby. But in the atmosphere of the U.S. his severe philosophy of anti-Communism inevitably breeds those anti-Communist excesses, just as F.D.R.'s adventurous sympathy for radicalism inevitably bred the New Deal fellow-travellers. It may well be true that the Democratic Party in 1952 was bound in self-defence to nominate a conservative to ride the tide of conservative reaction. Certainly a rearmament boom is not the time when an advocate of the Fair Deal at home and of conciliation abroad will get a hearing. But if Adlai Stevenson was ideally suited to make a virtue out of defeat, that does not prove that he is the man to lead the Democrats to victory next time.

Even less should he have become the darling of American progressives. Liberalism may have to take refuge under protective colouring in a period of reaction. But, in order to revive, it must have a leader who is not afraid of losing freedom, but resolved to enlarge it, and who wins adulation, not by a non-partisan superiority to politics, but by a policy which transforms the political machine into an instrument of social change. The trouble about Mr. Stevenson is that, although he would have made a better Republican President than General Eisenhower, he was selected as a Democrat. When I had finished reading his speeches—brilliant, yet slightly priggish—I could not help feeling a nostalgia for the cocky, vulgar humanity of Mr. Truman. Even if he did swear and play poker, there was no doubt which side Harry was on.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

China Through Indian Eyes

THE Government of India must be fully aware through the Indian Embassy in Peking of the economic conditions in China. But considerations of "friendship" inhibit plain speaking about the reality behind the much publicised Chinese Communist claims. I was therefore deeply interested on my two visits to Communist China to see for myself what these claims implied in fact. A visit to a Communist country is a "conducted" tour. No one is allowed to converse with the visitor in English, even when the person interviewed was a graduate of Oxford or Cambridge; unless, of course, it is the visitor who is being interrogated. No adequate statistics of production are given, other than percentages of increases in production since the Liberation.

China claims self-sufficiency in food, and even offers surpluses to India. In 1951, for instance, China exported half a million tons of rice and millet to India. But in 1952 India could buy only 100,000 tons. There is no food rationing, and since the Liberation, agricultural production has gone up by about 25 per cent. Yet, according to Nan Han-chen, the managing director of the People's Bank, the foodgrains production in 1951 was 92 per cent. of 1936. The year 1936 was considered as the year of record food production and the Manchurian produce was also available. Yet in 1936 China imported foodgrains.

The same story can be told about cloth. The Communists claim that *per capita* consumption of cloth in 1951 was 16 yards, while under Chiang many a Chinese peasant had only one suit of clothes between husband and wife. In 1936, China imported textiles from Japan, Great Britain and other countries. Since the Liberation, no imports have been permitted except that, after the Moscow Economic Conference, some attempts were made to purchase Lancashire textiles and Pakistan cotton. China has only five million spindles and probably cannot produce more than 2,000 million yards of cloth per year. Moreover, in 1951 the Chinese cotton mills had to close down for six weeks for lack of raw cotton.

However, behind these "miracles" of increases in agricultural and industrial production, the fact remains that China is returning to peace-time reconstruction. Between the years of 1936-1949 the Chinese economy suffered from the ravages of war. Due to insecurity and destruction, agricultural and industrial production had gone down by 30 per cent. and 50-70 per cent. respectively. Now, the peasant owns the land he tills, and the worker in the factory, in spite of lack of technical knowledge and capital goods, labours hard to supply essential needs by handicraft. The progress is not so much a movement towards better agriculture or industrial development as the fruit of law and order, enforced by a dictatorship which permits no deviation in political or economic thinking.

The achievements of the Communists in China have been largely political. The Land Reform has brought immense satisfaction among a peasantry which has hungered for land for centuries. Land is traditionally regarded as the only security in the midst of famine and flood. I have felt this passion all over China's vast landscape, where the great "rivers of sorrow" can turn life into a nightmare over night. The distribution of the landlords' land among the poor and landless peasants has added little if anything to the agricultural economy. But the political and social consequences of the land reform are significant. It has rekindled the vitality of the people which had been choked under feudal despotism. Ancestor worship, domination of men over women, religion are all disappearing, and their place is being taken by a new vitality. China is looking up and talking. And behind it all is this love of the land. I was told in the Manchurian villages I visited, as well as near Peking, how in the middle of the night the peasant will wake up and go to his little plot of land to feel with his hands the earth which is his.

Faith alone, however, cannot move the mountains of difficulties which stand in the way of improving the standards of living of the people. China needs technical and financial aid to transfer the pressure of the population from the land and develop her industrial resources. Communist policy, however, has deprived the country of the opportunity of assistance, except from the U.S.S.R. There is ample evidence in China that this assistance has been forthcoming, especially to maintain and equip the army. The oil refinery at Fushun, for instance, and the small arms industry have been aided and are well run; but the other industries I visited in Manchuria—machine tools, coal, locomotive parts, etc.—remain denuded of equipment, and production is maintained only by manual labour. The few technical experts provided by the Russians can work only from central headquarters as high-level advisers.

Perhaps the Huai River project, which has been announced as the greatest achievement of Communist China, provides an example of how little can be done without technical aid. It has been said that 2½ million men worked on this "multi-purpose" project to contain the river in its bed and provide irrigation. I followed the course of the river for 100 miles, and I found that the earth dykes, broken by Chiang to flood the country and prevent the Japanese advance, had been rebuilt; but that the famous Lung Ho-chi dam was still uncompleted two years after its reputed completion. Not more than a few thousand men could have worked at the dam site: the masses of peasantry had been helping to complete the dykes along the 800 miles of the river.

Chinese foreign policy is therefore directed to obtaining control over the economic resources of the countries around China's frontiers. Land distribution has destroyed the possibilities of capital accumulation, for little can be saved by a peasantry which lives barely above the subsistence level. Meanwhile, Russian aid is forthcoming only so far as it serves to maintain a potentially strong second front against a possible enemy, without creating a powerful rival inside the Communist camp.

Conscious of the role of his country, Mao Tse-tung seeks to build an Asian "unity" in which Indian influence in the South-East Asia is neutralised. Thus he seeks to harness the economic potential of the neighbouring countries for the development of China. Tibet, Indo-China, Siam and Malaya all show signs of the stresses from which they suffer and which an aggressive Chinese policy has created. India, meanwhile, has stood aloof, offering them little sympathy or moral assistance, for fear of hurting Chinese (or even Western) susceptibilities.

RAJA HUTHEESING

Pet Problems

MARKET research—one of America's gifts to the world—can be defined as statistics with a dash of psychology added. It was this human factor that made me buy a ticket to Melton Mowbray. For there the weirdest kind of market research in this country is carried out. There, in the centre of a far-flung net of investigators straddling the United Kingdom, sit two highly qualified scientists poring over their charts and lists of facts and figures. The purpose of this complex and costly apparatus? To find out what Britain's pets think about their food and drink. Quizzing animals is a cause pursued with remarkable zeal by those who serve it. They make no secret of the fact that it serves a commercial end. Animal Nutrition Investigators Ltd. are sponsored by Britain's leading manufacturers of tinned cat and dog foods. Dr. B., an eminent nutrition expert who took me round the factory, said: "You know, the main difference between ordinary market research and our kind of investigation lies in the simple fact that dogs and cats cannot walk into the grocer's or pet shop and ask for this or that brand of food. If they could . . ." A dreamy look stole into his eyes; he had visions, no doubt, of long, orderly queues of dogs and cats waiting their turn at the counter, each with its mind made up about the most appetising and nutritious brand.

Back at the office—American style, with one carpeted, hangar-like hall housing the staff from managing director down to humble typist—I was introduced to Dr. C., graduate in the humanities of a famous German university. He is the market research director working directly under Dr. B., the biologist. I removed my white coat and cap—compulsory attire for anyone entering the factory—and my initiation into animal market research began. It was all so new and strange that I felt not unlike Pierre Bezukhov

confronted with the intimidating rites of the Moscow freemasons. The first bewildering fact is the constant crossing and re-crossing of the frontier between zoology and sociology, so that it is not always easy to remember whether it is humans or animals who are under the statistician's magnifying glass. Yet it is this very border-line nature of the research which makes the figures leap to life. The fact that about six million cats adorn British hearth-rugs, or that four million dogs snap at postmen's ankles, would probably make only a statistician's or pet food manufacturer's heart beat faster. But the information that one spinster out of four and one bachelor out of eight in this country cherish a cat makes one realise in a flash that pets fulfil a sociological (and, no doubt, psychological) function.

Despite my impatience to learn more about the mentality of the members of the world's most pet-conscious community, Dr. C. gently steered the conversation back to the impressive array of facts and figures patiently unearthed by his team of investigators—fifteen of them, all young women. Why no men? Women, it seems, are more skilful when it comes to penetrating the households of pet owners, their stint being roughly 25,000 thresholds to cross per year. In 1952, they asked 72,841 questions about cats alone, the daily quota of each field-worker being 24 cats. The aim, of course, is to ascertain the feeding habits of the animals, but in the process a variety of other facts emerged.

Thus, only 10 per cent. of all cat owners are in the £650 and above income class; 15 per cent. earn between £400 and £650, and the rest (75 per cent.) less than £400 p.a. The equivalent figures for dog owners are 14, 17, and 69 per cent. It may cost as much as £5 per week to support a St. Bernard dog in relative comfort, including lashings of horse steak, but the average dog owner today spends 4s. 9d. on his pet, the cat owner a few pence less. Here, with the diffidence becoming a layman faced with scientific fact, I demurred. My cat, I said, costs me 1s. 6d. a week for fish. What kind of cat? Dr. C. asked. I confessed that she is a very ordinary mongrel. Dr. C. threw up his hands. "No, no! Not mongrel! There are no mongrel *cats!* We call them twenty-sevens . . ." It was my turn to raise an eyebrow. There are, it appears, only twenty-six breeds of cats. Anything outside the pale is a "27" to Animal Nutrition Investigators. As to my modest weekly bill, Dr. C. inquired if I had counted the milk? No, I admitted, but could cash be measured out in saucerfuls? "Your cat consumes 22 gallons of milk in a year!"

Conceding defeat, I next asked about our pets' cost-of-living index. Investigators Ltd. have thought of that one too. It costs 1s. 3d. a week more to keep a dog today that it did in 1951. But most dogs must have remained blissfully unaware of anything amiss; for, to the question addressed to several thousand dog owners all over the U.K., "Do you intend to do something about cheapening your dog's diet?" only 12 per cent. replied "Yes." The remaining 88 per cent. came back with an emphatic "Certainly not!" (Scottish dogs are not so lucky: North of the Border only 72 out of a hundred owners indignantly rejected this monstrous suggestion.)

Why does this nation spend between £60 and £70 millions a year on its cats and dogs, roughly the amount the State spends on Family Allowances? Animal Nutrition Investigators have their answer pat: 24.6 per cent. of dog owners "use" their animals either as watch dogs or gun-dogs. The rest admit, perhaps somewhat shamefacedly, that they love their dogs or need their company. The "working" proportion of cats is greater: nearly one-third of all British cats (one presumes "twenty-sevens") earn their keep in exchange for their weekly quota of rats and mice. But both lotus-eaters and toilers among pets seem to come in for their share of special Sunday treats. Sunday menus, the investigation found, include pickled gherkins, omelettes, pancakes, whelks, winkles, icec-ream, baby foods, cereals, and boiled eggs, sometimes with a drink of beer, tea or—surprisingly—vinegar to wash it down.

Before I left, I asked Dr. C. what he thought was the *real* reason for the addiction of Britons to pets. He stopped chewing his pencil (smoking being strictly forbidden in that temple of industrial hygiene) and said: "We make a point of being unemotional towards our friends, wives and children. No true Briton likes to be regarded as 'sloppy' in his relations with his fellows. But with animals we can let ourselves go. I know of families who pay up to ten shillings an evening for a sitter-in for their dog who cannot bear loneliness! Have you ever thought that the R.S.P.C.A. was founded over half a century before its counterpart for the prevention of cruelty to children?"

STEPHEN W. POLLAK

A Devil for Dancing

You might—if you'd wanted her to brain you with the poker—have called Aunt O'Hara our resident poor relation; she lived with us as one of the family and helped Mother about the house in return for her keep. But she didn't think of herself as being poor: she had her old-age pension for pocket-money, for which, before the war, it was adequate. And she wasn't related to us; though, as she often explained, if Johnny O'Hara hadn't put my Great-Uncle Aloysius out of the running by breaking his leg at hurley, she might easily have been. Like most of the Irish in Bradford, her parents had emigrated there at the time of the Great Famine. She was born in 1865 in a house in Silsbridge Lane, the old Irish quarter. Silsbridge Lane was off Westgate, which was then a middle-class shopping street, more in the nature of a boulevard than it is now. This in particular shocked contemporary observers: Westgate was civilisation and safety, but less than a hundred yards away savagery began—the gin-shops, the brothels, the murderous fights, the Fenians in hiding. No stranger, and certainly no policeman, dare take those few steps off Westgate.

The police left Silsbridge Lane to itself; but when the flood of violence threatened to engulf Westgate, they called in the priest. "He'd call them foolish naughty children," Aunt O'Hara told us. "Canon O'Rourke that was, a little feller with red hair and a walking stick as big as himself. A good man, that once couldn't go out because he'd given his last pair of trousers away. He'd shake his stick at them"—she'd flourish an imaginary blackthorn with her eyes gleaming—"'*Go home, children*' he'd say, '*Shoo! Off with you!*' And they'd go like lambs." My sister and I never grew tired of hearing about Canon O'Rourke, and we'd always ask her the same question. "What were the police afraid of, Auntie? Were the people in Silsbridge Lane very rough? Were they very bad?" And she'd always answer in exactly the same words, taking her spectacles off for a moment and pointing them at us to force our full attention. "Very rough? Very bad? They were crueller than tigers in The Lane. Hell would have disowned them."

When Aunt O'Hara was sixteen the family (or, rather, what was left of it; typhoid had killed her two younger brothers and galloping consumption her eldest sister) moved to Brownroyd, about two miles away. It wasn't much of a place for young womanhood to flower in—a grimy labyrinth of back-to-back houses with the engines in the goods station to the West shunting day and night and, so she said, a smell like burning meat from the crematorium to the East; but compared with Silsbridge Lane it was like Hampstead Garden Suburb.

It was in Brownroyd that she met her husband, Johnny O'Hara, at a Ceilidh run by St. William's Church. "I was a devil for dancing then," she said, "and I had jet-black hair I could sit upon." And then she'd leap up and whirl whoever was nearest into an Irish jig, her skirt, with its grey pinafore flying to show her flannelette bloomers. Then she'd sit down again, panting, but not very heavily, and fanning herself with her long old-fashioned spectacle case with the press-stud opening at one end. "Jesus—Mary—and Joseph," she'd say. "I walked on springs those days."

There was a photograph of her husband on her bedside table: a big man with a black cavalry moustache and the tethered-bull look of the peasant in the city. "We were like the song," she said, sitting on the hard chair she always preferred with her feet off the floor and her thin comedian's face thoughtful. "*She was only five foot high and he was six foot two.* But I was a match for him, big as he was." And I'd have a sensation of his actual physical presence, as real as sweat. "I was well-covered then," she said, "with a beautiful bosom and hips on me, God forgive me for mentioning such things before childer." She always called her husband by his full name when she talked about him, which wasn't often: her wardrobe of attitudes didn't include the black lace of widowhood. "Johnny O'Hara worked in the foundry at Low Moor," she'd say. "He'd drink a bucketful of beer when he was thirsty. Work like a horse and spend like a king, that was Johnny O'Hara."

She strongly disapproved of the theatre and the cinema. A visiting grand-nephew took her to see a revue in Leeds in 1934, and she came home highly indignant. "Dancing in little short drawers," she said, "and some of them"—she lowered her voice—"standing about *in their pelts.* Shame and them could marry, for they're nothing akin." And she rejected the cinema in its early days, after a visit to *The Sheikh.* "Everyone was at me to go," she said, "so I went, and it cost me sixpence. I've never been so disappointed. And there and then I swore I'd never go into a picturehouse again."

"Why didn't you like it, Auntie?" we'd ask her. And she'd always give us the same answer, her Yorkshire accent, which was generally overlaid by Irish intonations, thickening in her indignation. "Because it wor proper daft. Nowt but a couple of silly buggers swapping slaver."

She was a slow and voracious reader, particularly of the *News of the World*, which in those days was able to cover the most recondite aspects of sex and murder with a terrifying thoroughness. The *News of the World* lasted her all week; together with the *Bradford Telegraph and Argus* it provided most of her entertainment. "Mother of God," she would say, "Listen to this. Two women running away together. Now whatever would they be doing? The world gets dirtier every day since I was a girl." She would go straight to the Births, Marriages and Deaths column in the *Telegraph and Argus.* "God save us all," she'd say with relish, "another one dead that I went to school with. A poor weak thing

she was, though, always ailing. And here's Mary Ann's daughter—" she'd look at my mother—" you know, the red-haired one. Mary Ann was married in white, and her with her belly bumping her chin, you'd wonder how they dare. Twins, Kevin and Michael, they were always a great family for twins." But twins were the least of the troubles of Aunt O'Hara's friends; there was always at least one of them mentioned in the *Telegraph* and sometimes the *News of the World*, losing limbs or lives in accidents, being bankrupted, jailed, even murdered; they seemed as if they were trying to make a monopoly of disaster.

Come to that, she herself attracted disaster. She wasn't involved in it herself, but if there was ever a fight or a street accident or someone taken suddenly ill, she was there. She only, for instance, went into the village on three occasions during all the time she lived with us: on the first occasion a woman fell off a bus and broke her leg in two places, on the second a little girl was knocked down and killed by a big yellow car that didn't stop, and on the third an old man had an apoplectic fit outside the butchers. And she was in Hull at the time the airship R101 crashed. "It broke in the middle," she said, "as if someone had got hold of it with their two hands. I'd just bought a pair of spectacles at Woolworth's, and I could see the men falling like dolls." There was nothing sadistic or morbid about her interest in disaster; it was simply that she considered it extremely important and exciting. The real reason for her dislike of the cinema and the theatre was, I think that they were too insipid for her—she liked her drama neat, undiluted with the water or, as she herself might have put it, the slaver, of art.

Every month she spent an evening touring the pubs in what used to be Silsbridge Lane. Her favourite drink was Nelson's Blood, a mixture of port and rum, though she could generally afford only straight rum with beer chasers. From these visits she would return at about eleven o'clock, rather flushed, and a little inclined to bump into the furniture, carrying a parcel of fried fish and a noggin bottle of dark, treacly Jamaica, and sit up into the small hours talking and drinking strong Indian tea with spoonfuls of rum in it.

At ten o'clock one foggy night in the winter of 1940 she was crossing the road from the pub to the fried fish shop when she walked straight into the path of a bus and was killed instantly. The coroner at the inquest added a rider to the effect that those in charge of old people shouldn't let them go out by themselves, particularly during the black-out. Mother was angry and hurt. "In charge of her, indeed!" she said. "She was in charge of herself. There was Phil the Fluter's Ball on the wireless the very afternoon before she died, and she danced me out of breath. What did he expect me to do—chain her down?"

JOHN BRAINE

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The Arts and Entertainment

WORDS AND MUSIC

THE ancient alliance between words and music is rather like the ancient institution of marriage: a matter of give and take, at its worst a source of perpetual friction, at its best an incomparable joy. Like marriage also, it has some claim to be considered as the natural state of affairs. The abstract, purely instrumental music of the last three centuries might be described, on a long view, and without much exaggeration, as the attempt of music to play the bachelor and set up house on its own. The attempt has been surprisingly successful. Bachelor-music is an established institution, a going concern: so much so, indeed, that many a music-lover grows up with the fixed idea that abstract music is the only genuine article and that all other kinds are somehow tainted and suspect. Older readers will recall the tremendous battle that raged early in this century on the subject of programme-music; and Walford Davies, though a first-rate musician and an ardent song-writer looked upon opera as the very devil.

Such a view is unhistorical, to say the least. Almost every valuable development in the course of music has come about either through the Church or through the opera-house. As soon as the setting of the liturgy ceased to be the prime concern of the composer, opera promptly moved into the centre of the picture. It is barely two hundred years since the beginnings of sonata form (itself a derivative of opera); barely a hundred years since the predominance of the opera-house was seriously threatened by the concert hall. Without Beethoven, the process would have been slower still; and without the fascinating new colours and dynamics of the nineteenth-century orchestra, the public would have been less easily won by the beauties of large-scale abstract design. It is significant that chamber music, in spite of its immense prestige with the thoughtful music-lover, has made no comparable headway in popular esteem. Between them, anyhow, chamber music and the orchestra have more or less replaced opera as the centre of our musical universe. The attitude of Walford Davies has been reflected in that of many sincere amateurs who have no use for the lyric drama: the Germans even coined a word (*opern-blind*) to describe this state of mind.

It has been one of the pleasant features of post-war musical life to observe a decline in this unnatural division of taste. Almost all the leading contemporary composers have returned to opera; in England, only Rubbra and Rawsthorne have held aloof. Among the young, we never hear the denunciations of Wagner or of Verdi that were common form twenty-five years ago; still less do we encounter the old-fashioned out-and-out Wagnerian, for whom all roads led to Bayreuth. Yet, absurd as the latter may have been, he was in one respect a lesson to us. We may laugh at his vocal scores laboriously labelled on every page with the leitmotives of "Loves' Renunciation," "World-hoard" and "Nibelung's Annihilation-work"; at least they testified to the trouble he took to understand and enjoy what he was going to hear.

It is now on the contrary assumed, even by the most intelligent writers, that no one takes, or desires to take, or (so far as I can make out) even ought to take, the smallest trouble to prepare himself for a visit to the opera. The other day Mr. Richard Capell, in a sensible discussion of that vexed and typically matrimonial question, the language in which opera should be sung, committed himself to the view that it is immaterial in what language we sing *Der Rosenkavalier*, since "No one ever understands more than a scrap or two of Hofmannsthal's verbal play, however familiar the language may be." What? No more than a scrap or two—when the singers included Lotte Lehmann and Richard Mayr! Never mind. Let us grant the palpable exaggeration and examine the inference. It is implied that everyone, whether he be German or English, will tackle this long and complex opera, in the schoolboy's term, "unseen." Now, Hofmannsthal's text is a delightful work of art, well worth reading for its own sake; and the Englishman can still buy it (I think) for three shillings, with the old Kalisch translation on the opposite page: a literal translation would be better, but Kalisch is a great help. In these days of public record libraries, it is more than likely that a keen opera-goer will have access to the abridged Lehmann-Schumann-Mayr recording; he or one of his friends may even own it. Performances of the opera have frequently been broadcast; soon, obviously, there will be a complete recording on LP. In short, the opera-goer of today is in a better position than his father or grandfather to make himself acquainted with any fairly well-known opera which he intends to see—in every respect save one. That standard feature of Victorian life, the libretto with facing translation, is almost extinct—*Der Rosenkavalier*, alas, is a rare exception. Heaven knows why this should be! I once tried to persuade Professor Dent to publish an edition of his Mozart translations with Da Ponte on the other side, but he poohpoohed the idea: why need an Englishman bother his head with Da Ponte's Italian?

Well, that is a point of view which I shall never understand. It seems to me crazy of Glyndebourne not to publish texts and translations of their Mozart repertory, and of such comedies, too, as *La Cenerentola* or *Ariadne auf Naxos* which are often broadcast and gain much from an understanding of verbal detail (I am aware that for the Strauss opera, a copyright work, the publisher's permission would be required). A reviewer of the Glyndebourne *Ariadne* in the magazine, *Opera*, said: "What spoiled the Prologue for me was the audience, of whom some ninety per cent. seemed to be utterly at a loss as to what was supposed to be going on." I was at the same performance, and think the estimate excessive; still, the comment is substantially justified. The question remains: Are modern opera-goers incurably lazy; or would they welcome the chance, if it were offered, of properly following words *and* music? An incurable optimist, I feel sure of the answer.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

A MAN, MY SON!

THE first thing that must be said about *Carrington V.C.*, the new play by Dorothy and Campbell Christie, at the Westminster, is that it is an undoubted success. It holds the interest throughout. The tension is skilfully built up and held with certainty. Major Carrington is on a court-martial charge for appropriating to his own use over a hundred pounds of public funds. As we watch his court martial we are wanting to know all the time what will happen. And this in spite of the fact that we are told from the start that he has taken the money and shrewdly suspect that he cannot in the circumstances possibly get off.

In fact, it is not quite so much wanting to know what will happen that keeps us interested as wanting to know how what is to happen, does happen. And if this is the source of our pleasure in the drama, it is also the source of our slight disappointment. Mere suspense—wondering what is to happen—provides a simple unsophisticated amusement and calls more than anything for mere cunning in the author. But

directly we move on to the more complicated plane of being interested in how what is to happen, happens, our demands become more exacting. We expect at the least a degree of truth to life. That requires psychological consistency, adequate motive and an interest in character; it requires, too, some element of conflict between character and circumstance.

This element of conflict we are led to expect both by the subject itself and by the Christies' record in the past. The whole fun of their play, *His Excellency*, derived from such a conflict; a trade union leader, it will be remembered, was appointed as governor of an Island and we watched the clash between him and the local ruling caste who hated the idea of such an appointment. In *Carrington V.C.* the stuff of a similar conflict is present, but the authors fail to make anything of it. Carrington himself is only a faint sketch towards a character; he emerges, in the end, as only a schoolboy's idea of a hero and we are encouraged to take a schoolboy's indulgent attitude towards his crime. He took the money because the Government owed him a great deal more than that, and we are led to believe that he might have got away with it, if his neurotic wife hadn't let him down in the witness box. The scene where she does this is one of the best contrived in the play, but then again the contrivance is all too obvious. She is no more a convincing a character than he is, and her actions seemed to be dictated largely by the demands of the plot.

So what we are left with in the end is a skilful presentation of a court-martial, life-like and lively in its atmosphere and detail, but with its moral centre even a little softer than that ot Kipling's *If*. Hence the disappointment. One cannot, of course, avoid the fact that Army life, in some of its aspects, is conducted rather on Newbolt-Kipling lines. "The men" no doubt would feel a warmhearted and boyish admiration for the handsome V.C., and this is well captured in Victor Madden's sketch of a loyal Bombardier. But what is missing is anything to remind us that that is not enough. I hope the success of this piece won't encourage the authors to keep their sights low. The opening is brilliantly economic, laying out the situation for us with the minimum of fuss and the maximum of effect; and the scenes in closed court, when the members of the court-martial discuss the case among themselves, are, to anyone who has attended courts-martial, particularly convincing. The four junior members are never really persuaded by their president to judge the case *on the evidence*. They decide, finally, according to their personal prejudices, and these are also indicated to us with a rapid skill.

All in all, this is a play which gives considerable momentary pleasure but which doesn't, as a really good play does, stay in the mind. For it doesn't bear a moment's close examination. Mr. Alec Clunes, with his particular looks and voice, cannot help making Major Carrington every bit as much of a picture-book hero as the authors intend. Mr. Mark Dignam is excellent as the prosecuting officer and the many other actors are all extremely well cast.

T. C. WORSLEY

WATCH AND LISTEN

THE disappointment of the week has been Mr. Adlai Stevenson. American friends had said that he was a superlatively good broadcaster—so witty, they explained, so intelligent, so wise. Everything promised well. Mr. William Clark is always a first-class chairman, the team of journalists looked a strong one: reverently, one turned on the television in the happy expectation that one was about to discover how these things ought to be done. Then bewilderment, pain, boredom. Mr. Stevenson would not even play the game. The essence of a good interview obviously lies in the cross-fire of question and answer, and Mr. Stevenson began by looking us straight in the eye and delivering a complimentary discourse, undistinguished both in thought and language. Was this the face. . . .? Was this the great Liberal

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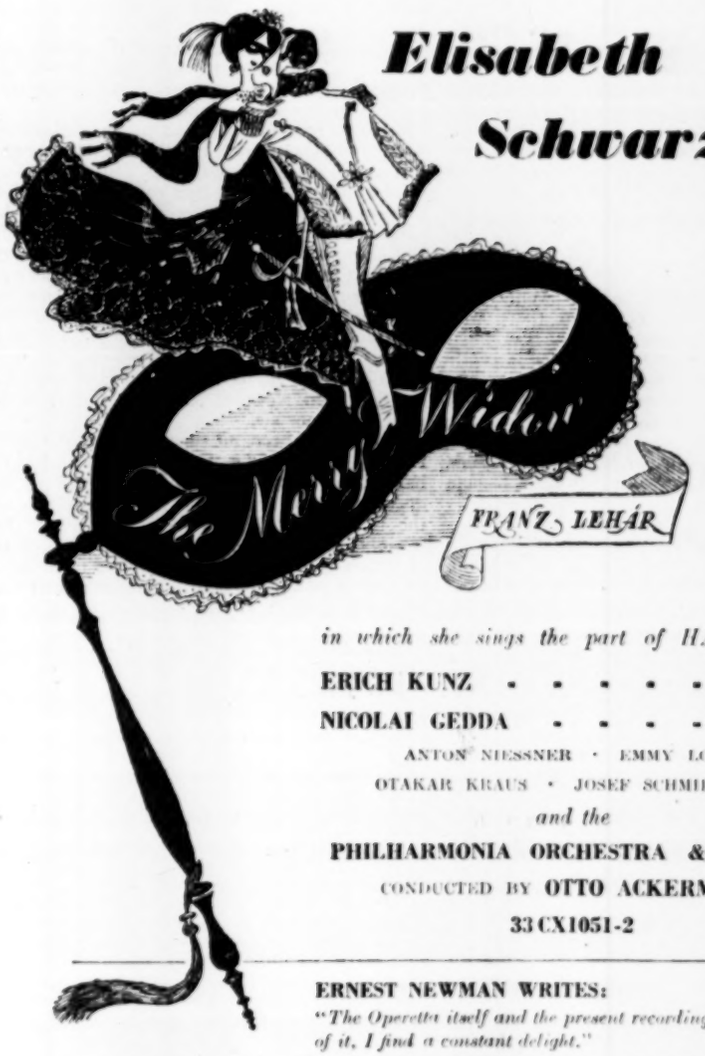

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crusader who, according to Mr. Alistair Cooke, is the democratic hope of America? On and on he went until Mr. Clarke, always a diffident character, had to intervene and bring him back to the conventions, the scene and the point.

Now for me this was a disconcerting experience, partly because I had long accepted the general judgment on Mr. Stevenson but mainly because, as a radio critic, his performance momentarily unsettled a theory that I have been forming about these broadcasts. It seemed to me that the B.B.C. need not bother itself with the principal actor. Anybody who has elbowed himself to the front must have some quality and if one puts him on the operating table and minutely dissects his spiritual and mental life—which is what the camera does—he can hardly fail to leave a powerful impression on us. The perfect example of this was Mr. Nehru, whose wonderfully sensitive face must still haunt all those who watched that fascinating performance. But much the same can be said even of those who are antipathetic to us: as the camera picks out each line and feature, every change of expression and trick of concealment—the drooping eyelid and the pleading smile—a man who has up to now been merely a name joins the circle of one's friends and acquaintances. One will never again be able to judge him on an entirely objective standard.

But this power to enlarge and display a personality also has its dangers. We shall all differ on the exact part the individual plays in politics: the Marxists would presumably say none at all, and the rest of us would disagree on whether the influence is small or large. But whatever our views may be, we should unanimously condemn the impression which television so often gives—that human personality is all important and that ideas count for little or nothing. For this reason the Corporation ought to take particular care to choose a team that will correct so fatal a distortion. At the moment the B.B.C. chops and changes about almost from week to week, and so inevitably hits on the perfect combination only by a happy accident. In consequence there may be somebody in the team who has no particular talent for broadcasting and his silence and, still more, his inept questions become increasingly embarrassing as the evening goes on. Of course I realise that the B.B.C. is in a difficulty over these broadcasts. If it settled on one team of journalists—which is the ideal—the newspapers that are not represented would immediately protest: unfair, they would shout, not cricket. Clearly there is no easy solution, although I should have thought that the Corporation could at least change only from season to season instead of from week to week. Whatever the answer may be, something ought to be done. It is not in the interests of democracy that smooth interviews should mislead people as to the real nature of politics.

Let me end by briefly referring to two very different broadcasts—Mr. Bernard Braden's first appearance on television and the revival of Eisenstein's *Thunder over Mexico*. Mr. Braden is the only comedian I have yet seen who has put together a broadcasting review that uses the medium with imagination and as it should be used: he will get better and better, one feels, as he becomes more familiar with it. As for the Eisenstein film, it is still as exciting and fresh as when it was produced. If I had anything to do with Broadcasting House—"fond impious hope," if I were Mr. George Barnes—I would make my producers see it over and over again.

HUGH MASSINGHAM

THE MOVIES

"Powder River" and "Dangerous Crossing," at the Leicester Square

Dog days. All breezes having died, film-going is reduced to a minimum. Spent the day in the Leicester Square Cinema, with more thoughts for the variety outside than the monotony within.

Powder River, where two old pals—known 'em since I was so high, in the threpennies—were propping the view and squatting on a small hoard of gold. Come two strangers, inquisitive; bad 'uns, and they'll shoot one pal when t'other's away and make off with the gold, though, mind you, we shan't see it. And the other pal—he's the hero—not having a notion, but pretty tough, starts looking all over the place—Montana, or wherever it is—and fetches up at the Belle Union Saloon; where things haven't changed a bit and Frenchie—good old Frenchie—still has her stays and her ways with men and dice. . . .

Outside it's pleasant to sit under a plane-tree shade. Shakespeare, in the middle, rather absurdly keeps up his quizzical, courtly pretence. Flowers and water ring him round; he leans on a misquotation from his works, props his chin with one hand (the other having gone in the Blitz), and has nothing better to consider than the Empire Cinema; upon which, week in and week out, fawning or frowning, he perpetuates his mystery. "What's here," one may exclaim, like the Prince of Arragon, "the portrait of a blinking idiot?" He needs some word—divininny, say—all to himself. At the garden's corners they look on—Hogarth, Newton, Reynolds and Hunter—with a superior air.

There have been no surprises, meanwhile, on Powder River. The villain's brother shows a half-villainous moustache. There's the brilliant doctor taken to drink, who will have to take out the bullet next the heroine's heart; and he's terribly quick on the draw, but has fits, the last of which will despatch him sure as fate, just as he's about to kill our hero. This ailment is flung at us—in a spirit of levity—as a tumour on the brain. The villain hurls himself upon death. True lovers walk away. All's well, we have been told, that ends well.

And so off through Leicester Square, away past the dental hospital, the costumier's, the art gallery, Irving in stone where once two live men tied one another indefatigably with chains; and back, after an interval, for *Dangerous Crossing*.

An ocean liner, with something ill-fated aboard, which affects me powerfully, since it was in this very cinema, only a few weeks ago, that I had the ghastly experience of seeing the *Titanic* sink twice. The trouble this time seems to be that s.s. *Monrovia* won't sink for anything, though it's always hooting through thick fog and has for its Third Officer a villain who won't stop at murder and starts well by carrying his bride over the threshold of Cabin 216. Then he lies low, while the poor girl (Jeanne Crain) wanders over and over the ship, rather like Buster Keaton in *The Navigator*. The gangways at night and the luggage room especially fascinate her: if only it *were* Buster Keaton! Hubby goes overboard. An even more formidable spectre has loomed in the shape of the ship's doctor (Michael Rennie): but apparently that's all right, unless we're in for a sequel, *More Dangerous Return*.

These two generously hackneyed features make up a double programme, and if I say I'd rather spend three hours on a bench in the square, that depends on the weather.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

The Proms

This year the Proms have adopted a wise policy of load-shedding: five orchestras, including the Hallé, are sharing the forty-nine concerts between them. The programmes, sensibly as rich in second and third performances as in absolute novelties, are remarkable for the fact that nearly a quarter of the music to be heard is English. One bad habit remains. It is still usual to devote the entire first part (often the only part broadcast) to standard classics, leaving the less familiar works to fend for themselves after the interval. This is surely poor strategy—as though a hostess should seat all her established lions at one end of the table, and all her bright young men at the other. Even Rachmaninov's fine but neglected Third Symphony counts as "new," and is dumped at the fag-end of an evening (August 10) otherwise devoted to Wagner. The first novelty of the season was Lennox Berkeley's Flute Concerto. Those who heard it in the Albert Hall seem to have found it too heavily scored; but on the air the liquid tones of John Francis came through with perfect clarity, allowing us to enjoy and admire a most distinguished addition to this composer's recent output. He has successfully avoided the sort of trivial chatter into which a flute concerto can easily descend. All four movements have strong themes and interesting developments, and each works towards a strikingly apt and logical conclusion. In the scherzo the soloist's dropping fourths (a distant echo of Siegfried's woodbird) become amusingly entangled with Waltonian cross-rhythms; in the Adagio there is an exquisite page of duologue between flute and horn. Few modern composers have a happier touch in music of this calibre; and if anything went wrong with the sound, it is more than likely that the Albert Hall was the villain.

D. S.-T.

Twelve Australian Painters, at the New Burlington Galleries

When I visited this exhibition it was almost deserted. This is a pity, because not only does it include the work of four particularly interesting artists (Sydney Nolan, Russell Drysdale—both already admired here—Lloyd Rees and Arthur Boyd) but it also demonstrates usefully and very clearly what is meant by a proper "national tradition." The 57 works vary a good deal in style but all in their different manner embody a character of subject and a way of looking and feeling which is essentially Australian.

> A nation of trees, drab green and desolate grey
> In the field uniform of modern wars,
> Darkens her hills: those endless outstretched paws
> Of Sphinx demolished or stone lion worn away.
> They call her a young country, but they lie:
> She is the last of lands, the emptiest . . .

These lines by the Australian poet A. D. Hope suggest something of the quality of the unremitting landscape and bright, uneventful light which condition the settlements, toughness and poetry of the people described. Nolan, for instance, in *Drought* paints a parched calf whose underside, as it lies on the ground, becomes a scaleless landscape of khaki hills and dunes, or in *Little Dog Mine* finds in the sparseness of his well-controlled colour and drawing a true plastic equivalent of the lean-to life of the prospector. Rees, an older artist, shows in his impressive almost Courbet-like painting of engrained, elephant-coloured rocks how permanently *unweathered* a scene can be—for all their weight and age the rocks might have fallen there yesterday. Boyd's excellent *Jacob's Dream* is full of the sort of stocky, physically-weighted lyricism that one finds in a Breughel or Stanley Spencer, whilst his straight *Burnt Wheat Stubble* emphasises how a land-horizon can isolate as a sea-horizon, a single bird becoming an event. Drysdale paints lanky, Chips Rafferty characters of the outback, most sensitively a fresh voluptuous girl—a Rubens girl, surrounded by white dust instead of cherubs—and in them all implies how the continent whittles to essentials.

J. B.

Correspondence

THE HOLLOW WAR

SIR,—It is so important that we should learn the right lessons from the tragedy of the Korean war that it is a pity your comments last week tried to prove too much. To welcome the fact (as I agree we should) that the United Nations failed to unify Korea by force is not to condemn collective security, but to deplore that we failed to make security collective. The original purpose in Korea (before General MacArthur ran away with it) was to prove that aggression does not pay; that purpose was valid and would be valid again today. The trouble was that the United Nations failed to take control of its own war, so that the simple original purpose was lost in American anti-Communist strategy. We must certainly learn from our mistakes, but to suggest that any attempt to make the United Nations work must mean more and bigger wars is not hindsight, but myopia.

The United Nations is our one hope of preventing the capitalist and Communist power blocs from getting at each other's throats in a holy war. The Charter, as you yourself point out, always recognised that there could be no hope of peace unless the Big Powers

agreed to live and let live. It expressly forbids interference in the internal affairs of a member; it is ideologically neutral. Of course, in the stress of the cold war, each side has tried to use the U.N. for its own purposes; and admittedly there is the danger that these elements in the U.N. which fear and oppose social change will try to get all civil wars and social revolutionary wars denounced as "aggression." They will try, but in my view they will be less likely to succeed than if the United Nations did not exist. It would be quite wrong to imagine (as I discovered when I attended the General Assembly in 1949 and 1950 as a British delegate) that all member States are lined up on one side or the other in the cold war.

There is a healthy inclination on the part of the "have-not" nations to call "a plague on both your houses" to the quarrelling giants. In fact, the U.N. is the one place where a Third Force actually operates, as the part played by the Arab-Asian group at crucial moments in the Korean war showed. With the United Nations establishing the objective facts in any crisis, and providing a forum where both sides can be heard, there is no excuse for the peoples of the democracies to be stampeded into war on the say-so of their own Government. Nor, incidentally, can any country be stampeded into war by the United Nations, which is an organisation of sovereign States. "Collective security," therefore, is merely a call to action; it can never be a command. No member State is likely to obey the call unless it is satisfied that the case is proved. "Collective security" in such circumstances becomes the counting of voices as to whether an act of aggression has been committed by one nation on another; and surely it is better to get a world opinion on such a matter, rather than leaving it to be decided by interested parties like N.A.T.O.? India, for example, voted in the Security Council in June, 1950, for the resolutions denouncing the aggression of N. Korea and calling for collective action; she would certainly take a very different line if an attempt were made to denounce Ho Chi Minh as an aggressor. In my view India was right: if the United Nations had not acted in 1950 to defend the Korean frontier it had itself created and recognised, its authority would have evaporated and there would today be no international authority to which you could turn (as you did on your front page last week) to guarantee the neutrality of a re-unified Korea. Now that the Korean armistice restoring the *status quo* has been successfully achieved, in the face of all the attempts to extend the war, we should claim this as a victory for collective security and so strengthen the hands of those who, at the coming General Assembly, will be working to assert the authority of the United Nations against those who would "go it alone" in an ideological war.

BARBARA CASTLE

House of Commons.

CHALLENGE TO BRITAIN

SIR,—It was good to read Dr. Orwin's short but clear statement of the case for public ownership of the land, especially as the Labour movement as a whole has still to make up its mind on the matter. Our agriculture, after decades of deliberate neglect, requires vast resources for capital improvement; and public ownership of the land is the only way to make certain that these resources are used for the purposes intended. None of the opponents of land nationalisation, like Sir Hartley Shawcross, have any answer to this argument.

If, however, the principle of public ownership is accepted, there is room for discussion on the best methods and stages. Mr. Walston, in your issue of July 25, invents a new phrase "functional nationalisation," *i.e.*, the taking over of "whole areas where production could be increased by substituting the State for the present owners." He refers to the powers under the Agriculture Act of 1947. But this, in effect, is an argument used by Tory opponents. Nothing needs to be done; the powers already exist. The opinions on nationalisation which Mr. Walston expresses in his letter do not suggest that he would really favour vigorous use of these powers for bringing a substantial proportion of our land under public ownership. Even if he did, the suggestion would create the maximum amount of uncertainty and suspicion among the agricultural population, because no one would know which land was going to be taken over; and there is an unpleasant impression that the State would in fact acquire the worst and most difficult land to deal with—leaving the best to "private enterprise." This might be very satisfactory to the "anti-nationalisers."

Mr. Bevan's supporters have advocated the nationalisation of rented land. This is a serious proposition, and has the merit of avoiding antagonising the owner-occupiers, who own about one-third of the land. But the objection (mentioned by Mr. Walston), that the State would acquire a large number of small parcels of land which would create a genuine administrative problem, without being of any real importance at this stage for the improvement of agriculture, is a real one.

There is, however, another alternative, and it is high time it received proper consideration. It is the proposal of the Communist Party, namely the nationalisation of the land of the large land-owners. This avoids the principal objections to both the other proposals. It would mean that the State obtained control of the large units of land where everything would be favourable to development, experimentation and planned investment of capital. If estates over 2,000 acres (although actual size might not be the best criterion), were taken over, it would involve about one-quarter to one-third of the country's land, so that a very substantial proportion of our land would be affected, and the developments which science and enthusiasm, not forgetting good wages and conditions, would bring about, would be an inspiration to the whole industry.

JACK DUNMAN

Didcot, Berks.

SIR,—The nationalisation of rented land is, as Mr. H. D. Walston says, a silly idea. But so are some of the agricultural proposals in *Challenge to Britain*. Every practical farmer and farm worker knows that the fixing of a standard output per acre for each district is quite impracticable. The huge differences in the quality of land from one side of the road to the other, the constantly changing weather conditions—not to mention the differences in size of holding and management-labour—will upset the reasonableness of any average you fix. It would really be too naive an imitation of the Communist technique to fix an average output per acre which will be too high for some farms, seize the land of the farmer who cannot comply, and then deny him access to the Courts. And who is to manage the farms which have been taken into public ownership? The County Agricultural Committees are under-staffed even for their advisory work today. Mr. Walston would no doubt be an excellent boss of the new Department of Functional Land Nationalisation, but where would he recruit his managerial staff?

I wish Mr. Walston and your contributor Mr. Orwin would give me the answers to two simple questions. First, how can I run my farm if I have not tied cottages to offer the men—with the bait, in my case, of "rent free"? Secondly, if they take away this privilege from the men and my farm from me, what grounds have they got for claiming that they can run it better than I can? If Labour intends to air such agricultural proposals in the agricultural constituencies, it would seem to me to be actuated by a death wish.

NICHOLAS DAVENPORT

Hinton Manor, Berks.

SIR,—I was astonished to see several writers in THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION speaking with approval of the section on education in the Labour Party's new statement of policy. I have been a supporter of the Party for many years, but this proposal seems to me so fantastic a piece of political bigotry that I hope you will allow me a space in your columns to raise a protest against it.

This plan for the abolition of Grammar schools and substitution of dead-level schools for all children of 11-15 completely misconceives the true aim of Socialism, which is that all children, no matter what the income or social status of their parents, should have the same opportunity to enjoy the type of education for which their ability fits them. It substitutes for it either the absurd pretence that all children are of equal intelligence, or, worse, the sullen determination that those who are impertinent enough to be more gifted than the rest shall not be allowed to make any extra progress thereby.

We all agree that social segregation is bad, but what has that to do with the Grammar schools, where pupils of all classes and incomes are admitted solely on tests of ability? Indeed, one of the worst features of many private schools is the presence there of backward children unable to pass the Grammar school test, whose parents, for purely snobbish reasons, have sent them to the private school where they drag down the educational standard. This disadvantage the Labour Party proposes to rivet on all schools everywhere.

It is bewildering to speculate how these schools are to be organised. Will all the pupils, bright, normal and backward, be lumped together in the same classes and taught the same subjects by the same teachers? Which, one wonders, would suffer most, children or teachers? Will the graduates whom the Labour Party is so anxious to recruit into the profession really be attracted by the prospect of spending their time teaching ABC and the multiplication tables to retarded children? Every harassed teacher of a small country school knows the bar to educational progress in having to teach a class of widely varied ability—how either the slow ones are left struggling hopelessly behind, or the bright ones condemned to mark interminable time—until in the end recourse has to be had to groups inside a class for some subjects. So inevitable is this amount of intellectual segregation that it is now usual, I believe, for Primary schools, whose numbers allow it, to divide their pupils into A, B and even C streams.

We must assume therefore that these Secondary schools would group their pupils into classes according to ability. Are these classes then to have the same curriculum, but be expected to reach different stages in it? What then of the academic subjects, such as languages? Will they be abolished altogether?—and pupils at the High schools be introduced to them at 15 and supposed to reach G.C.E. standard in one year?

But if they decide upon classes with separate syllabus, the planners will be faced with another dilemma. Unless they go in for huge "comprehensive" schools, with all their unwieldy organisation and lack of contact between Head and pupils, they will find that in a mixed school of average size the number of A-stream children in any one year will be very small—say, 12-15 at most. To have them put in a class by themselves would be beyond the dreams of the most enthusiastic advocate of smaller classes. It is easy to see what their fate is likely to be.

As for the supposed sense of superiority, why is that more likely to be encouraged by separate schools than by separate classes or even groups? One would imagine that a child's self-importance would more probably be swelled by the presence of other children obviously working on a lower level, or whom he can easily outstrip, than by his intellectual equals who give him a struggle for pre-eminence.

One is naturally wary of the *reductio ad absurdum* argument, yet really it seems that the logical con-

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clusion of this scheme would be to abolish the special schools for backward children as well, or for that matter those for the blind or deaf or crippled—to deprive them of their special method and trained staffs, and make them pig in with all the rest. Of course, they would not learn anything that way, but what does that matter so long as they are not allowed to think that they are any different from other children? Or must we conclude that it is only the talented child whom the Labour Party desires to penalise?

In short, Sir, this proposal betrays the true principles of Socialism; suggests that the Labour Party believes its supporters are so furiously jealous of intellectual attainment as to want to deny opportunity to gifted children; and justifies the gibe of their opponents that Socialists want to clamp down intelligence and reduce us all to the same dull level of mediocrity. I hope the Party will think twice before adopting it officially; and that all teachers and educationists who are Labour supporters will see to it that it has every opportunity to do so.

61 Suttons Lane, D. MARTIN DAKIN
Hornchurch, Essex.

"HANGING THE SICK"

SIR,—The McNaghten Rules may be obsolete; but they do not purport to define insanity. They are an attempt to define the responsibility of persons whose minds are unbalanced when they infringe the criminal law—to answer, in fact, the question whether, and in what circumstances, we should convict "ill people whose crimes are the product of their illness." The question whether we should hang those ill people whom we convict of murder is a distinct issue.

Your contributor (THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, July 25) is wrong in saying that "it was held in the Straffen case that low intelligence, probably inborn, though it was at least a partial 'defect of reason,' did not arise from 'disease of the mind.'" That may be the law; but Straffen's defence was, not that he was insane when he killed, but that he did not kill; the question of his sanity was not in issue at the trial.

There is no justification at all for your contributor's inference that in the Christie case "both sides seem to assume that there are actions which have no cause." The defence argued—and your contributor's article suggests that he would agree—that the absence of "a realistic motive, a logical cause" was itself evidence of unsoundness of mind. The prosecution (and the judge) stated the elementary proposition of law, which is not confined to cases of murder, that, whatever the motive for the crime may be, it is not essential to the case for the prosecution that it should be affirmatively proved. Clearly the case for the prosecution will be a great deal stronger if a motive *can* be proved; and your contributor will remember that the prosecution suggested a very "realistic motive" for the murder of Mrs. Christie.

It is again not true that, when a prisoner is found "unfit to plead," the jury are directed to return a verdict of "guilty but insane." If there is a plea that the accused is unfit to plead, a jury is empanelled to try that specific issue, i.e., whether, *at the time of the trial*, the accused can follow the proceedings and defend himself. The medical evidence is often disputed; and the verdict is that the accused is "unfit to plead." There is no trial of the offence charged, because the plea is a plea in bar of trial. The verdict of "guilty but insane" refers to the offence charged and the insanity so found is insanity *at the time of the offence*. There is nothing absurd or inconsistent in a verdict that a man who was indisputably sane at the time of the offence is unfit to plead at his trial: nor in a verdict that a man fit to plead is guilty but insane.

The panel of doctors appointed by the Home Secretary determine the sanity of a convicted person *at the time of the examination*. If they find that he is then insane the sentence imposed by the judge is set aside; but how can it possibly be said that their decision overrides that of the jury? Your contributor's suggestion that we should "ask why we have a trial when the fact of guilt is admitted" begs the precise question at issue and is refuted by his immediately following statement that "it is legitimate to ask a jury whether or not, on the evidence, a crime was committed." It is not the fact of guilt, but the fact of killing, that is admitted: the question whether the killing was done with a "guilty mind" is one of the factors determining whether or not a crime was committed. The motorist whose car kills a pedestrian may admit the fact; but that admission is not of itself a confession of guilt of any offence at all.

The case for the abolition of capital punishment is fortunately strong enough to survive the misstatements and confusions of your contributor's article; but it seems a pity to weaken it by adducing fallacious arguments in its favour. BARRISTER

"FIRST READING"

SIR,—For obvious reasons, I hesitate to enter the lists in the contest between the supporters and critics of the new Third Programme feature *First Reading*, but some of the implications of Mr. G. S. Fraser's letter seem to me so extraordinary that it is impossible to let them pass.

Mr. Fraser's letter amounts, it seems to me, to a defence of provincialism, one of the blights that is always in danger of settling on our literature. Now, as everyone knows, provincialism has nothing to do with whether a writer lives in Oxford, Cambridge, Reading or London. He can show the worst signs of the disease if he lives in London; and he can be entirely free from it if he lives in Oxford. Mr. Fraser, however, would have us make special allowances for Mr. Wain's contributors because the centre of their world is in Oxford or Cambridge and their experience has not extended beyond "the young lecturer's weekend with the professor, the shock that warped the character of the adolescent girl," in contrast with which "perspective of their interests" metropolitan urbanity may appear "rather hollow and metropolitan smartness rather vulgar." But this argument seems to me to do an appalling disservice to young writers, for whom the only allowances one should make are those for immaturity when genuine talent is present.

A few pages farther on in your issue of the same date, Mr. Fraser praises the work of three young writers, Miss Elizabeth Jennings (from Oxford), Mr. Thom Gunn (from Cambridge) and Mr. Charles Causley (from Cornwall). All three of these writers contributed to my own *New Soundings*, as did Mr. Wain himself, and I included them because I thought them good and promising by the best standards and not "in the context of their lives" or "the perspective of their interests." And finally, Mr. Fraser seems to me guilty of the most shocking confusion when he says "they do not see why they should not discuss literature portentously since they take it seriously." I would have thought that anyone who takes literature seriously should be ashamed of discussing the third-rate portentously. After all, a mouse is a mouse, whether it squeaks in Trumpington or Chelsea.

JOHN LEHMANN

SIR,—Mr. John Wain, in defending his radio feature, *First Reading*, against the criticisms of Mr. Hugh Massingham, makes some good points, but there is surely one upon which he most lamentably impales himself. He suggests that Mr. Massingham was castigating him for allowing a "gifted young" poet to describe his work in terms which implied that he took it seriously, and wished it to be taken seriously by others. Surely the point made by Mr. Massingham was not that this young poet was taking himself seriously, but that he was taking himself *too* seriously. Mr. Wain may bracket and put in quotations the observation that some of us had never heard of the poet concerned (Mr. Arthur Boyars) but surely this is, in fact, true? And when a poet not of international, nor even of urban and local fame, presumes to be over-serious about himself, the crime is indeed great.

It is true, Mr. Wain says, that he will not rinse Mr. Boyars' diapers, but he cannot conceal the tone of the outraged Mothers' Union member in this, or, at present, it seems, in any other connection. The lapse was, perhaps, forgivable, but the defence is, perhaps, not.

CHARLES HIGHAM

68 Vandon Court, Petty France.

NATIONAL THEATRE

SIR,—Mr. George Strauss's scheme to spend the £1,000,000 the Treasury is authorised to provide "when economic conditions permit" on building a national drama instead of a National Theatre must have a devilish attraction for all theatre workers. A vital regionally based drama, more employment for actors in varied and exciting work, producers freed from frustrating commercialism, able to create experimentally, and in their abandon giving rein to the latent talent in our dramatists, designers and composers—these are things we all want. And a million pounds spent over a couple of years or so *could* provide us with enough satisfying developments to justify amply the expenditure. But after we have blown the money, what then? Mr. Strauss cautiously avoids this point but implies that, after the Treasury grant has been used as priming, local authorities will take up the long-term burden. Experience shouts that there is no justification for this assumption. After he has made his brilliant million-pound flash in the pan, Mr. Strauss will discover that his gun is not loaded.

In a small way the pioneering work that Mr. Strauss feels to be essential now was done during the war. Then we had the Old Vic in Wigan, Ibsen in the works canteen and excited talk of a new era in the theatre. In order that these gains for our national drama might be consolidated, local authorities were given powers to spend money on providing theatrical entertainment. Since 1948, when the Act was passed, the amount of activity that has been sponsored under it has been negligible. The plain fact being that the prejudice that the theatre is not respectable is still very much alive and few Councils are willing to risk the criticism they are almost certain to meet in spending ratepayers' money on such frivolities. It is no use arguing sensibly and reasonably for the theatre as a cultural force and drawing a parallel with libraries. A prejudice has to be killed, not argued with. To kill this one the theatre has to be made "respectable," and the first step towards that is the creation of a National Theatre. Only a National Theatre properly maintained and adequately housed in the capital can inspire and encourage local authorities to provide similar amenities in their districts. After all, why should Little Puddlecombe put itself to the expense of a Civic Theatre when the country as whole feels a National Theatre unnecessary?

It would be tragic if Mr. Strauss's views gained substantial support among theatre people, for in the ensuing wrangle about the precedence of cart and horse we should most likely lose both horse and cart. The Treasury would almost certainly use the squabble as a justification for not parting with the £1,000,000 at all, since the profession itself obviously was not sure whether it wanted a National Theatre!

R. VERNON BESTE

9 Lewes Crescent, Brighton.

LYSENKO

SIR,—Your report that the Soviet scientist Lysenko was in disgrace, which you published some time ago, has now been tracked to its source—the *New York Times* of July 4. This American paper claims that Lysenko was condemned in "a recent issue" of *Vestnik Akademii Nauk* (The Journal of the Academy of Sciences of the U.S.S.R.). Russian experts in this country have now closely examined all issues of the Journal for this year and can find no criticism of Lysenko.

The moral is, of course, that no American report on the U.S.S.R. should be reprinted without first checking the original sources. This was not difficult, as the Journal concerned is available here in several libraries and can be imported for 5*s*. a copy from Moscow, as well as a total of 266 other Soviet journals and periodicals which can be freely imported into this country.

PAT SLOAN,
General Secretary.

British Soviet Friendship Society,
36 Spencer Street, London, E.C.1.

JAMES JOYCE

SIR,—I am engaged in writing a biography of James Joyce, to be published in America by the Oxford University Press, and I should be grateful if any of your readers who were associated with him would communicate with me at the address below.

RICHARD ELLMANN

Villa Montmorency,
18, Avenue des Peupliers,
Paris XVI, France.

Books in General

In 1916, Harold Laski, aged 23, was taken by by Felix Frankfurter to meet Oliver Wendell Holmes. Holmes was approaching the last decade of his extraordinary career on the Supreme Court; a magnificent old gentleman of 75, he led the dissenting minority of the Court at a time when the World War and the witch-hunt that followed it were putting to the test the guarantees of liberty enshrined in the American Constitution. Holmes was regarded with the utmost veneration by the younger lawyers of the Harvard Law School; of these, Felix Frankfurter, later himself to become a member of the Supreme Court, was probably the most active and brilliant. Frankfurter had discovered Laski in Canada and brought him to Harvard. He had quarrelled with his father and family when, at the age of 18, he made the happiest of marriages with a Gentile. In exile in the New World, he was, if the truth were known, in desperate need of the security of a family background—a need felt by those brought up in Judaism even more than by others. He found it in the whole social milieu of the Law School, where his learning was not sneered at as precocity, and his radical tendencies were accepted as normal. His relations with Frankfurter can fairly be called brotherly, and his attitude to Holmes had much in it that was pious and filial.

After he left America he wrote regularly to Frankfurter until his death in 1950. I have drawn freely on this fascinating, but mainly one-sided, correspondence in my memoir of Harold Laski. Frankfurter usually confined himself to short, informative and affectionate replies. The correspondence with Holmes is different; for years Harold wrote almost weekly and Holmes replied with seldom more than a day's delay. These letters deal very little with politics; they are full of good anecdotes and better epigrams. Harold lays himself out to be amusing with obviously embroidered stories of people he has met; with swift appreciations of scores of books he has been reading, ranging from the classics to modern novels and, most of all, with accounts of the French political literature which he collected so assiduously and with so much profit. Holmes replies more shortly with the reflections of a more profound mind. All the letters are written in a glow of warm affection such as I think can seldom or never before have characterised a correspondence between men whose ages were so disparate and whose opinions were so opposite. How far Holmes believed everything Laski said I cannot tell. Only occasionally he expostulated at Harold's larger improbabilities. He constantly warned him "not to work his machine too hard," and in one unhappily prophetic passage added: "If you insist upon finishing up in mid-middleage—wait at least until I am out of the way."

It is an astonishing correspondence—nearly 1,500 pages of it, with a great bibliographical appendix and the sort of index that publishers have not afforded in this country since before the war.* It makes excellent bed or train reading, particularly for the book collector. Every spelling mistake has been preserved; when Holmes makes a squiggle it is recorded; only the most libellous passages have been omitted. (I could myself supply the missing passage in one letter where Harold refers to a conversation with Lady Astor, since I had to omit Harold's undoubtedly similar and unprintable account of the same occasion included in a letter to Frankfurter.) Professor Howe could not have lavished more care on his manuscripts if he had been editing a recently discovered correspondence between Shakespeare and Bacon, or a batch of lost love letters written by Dante to Beatrice.

The portrait of Holmes which serves as frontispiece for the first column recalls him much as he was when I was lucky enough to meet him at the end of 1922. He was an imposing figure, vain, I thought, only about his physique, his moustaches (which were superb) and above all, about his service under Lincoln in the Civil War, in which he was three times wounded. He talked, I recall, freely and delightfully about everything—"twisting the tail of the cosmos" he called it—and without condescension, as if the bumptious young man who had come with an introduction from Laski were his equal. As it happens, in turning out some old papers last week, I came upon the handful of letters that Holmes wrote to me. The first, arranging a time to see him, ends characteristically: "I shall be very glad to see you, but I am afraid you will find me sadly ignorant of things generally known." Another letter was written four years later (March, 1926) when I had sent to him a long review of Laski's *Grammar of Politics*:

> 'Please accept my thanks for your letter and for your stimulating review of Laski's book. I did not disguise from him that I don't believe either his premises or his conclusions. But I am such an old fogey that it does not matter. I don't even think that Laski or any of the others have disposed of the old notion of sovereignty—though no doubt twaddle has been talked for as it certainly has been against it. Before most of those whom you cite had left the nursery I had insisted on the limit, in fact, to any sovereignty that ever was, and many years ago indicated conclusions that we might draw from such limitations when we came to deal with natural rights in the Philippines and were confronted by a law of Spain that it was admitted Spain could not have enforced. Carino *v.* Insular Government, 212 U.S. 449, 457, 458 (1909). I insert the reference not that I expect you to look at it but as a footnote of verification as I might insert others of the time when I was a young man at the Bar. But I am getting near to being drawn into a tedious discourse. Suffice it to say that if, when we talk of government and law we don't refer to force—and don't mean by law some meaning that we are ready to kill you if necessary to enforce, I am content to leave it to academic discussion at Quaker meetings. I quite agree that there are a lot of things I should like to see. But I notice that Laski concedes that some great and, as I think, desirable changes require the consensus either of the world or at least of most civilised governments. I feel quite sure that they won't come in my time, as I suppose averages would not allow me over a year or two more. I notice the etymological accuracy of your spelling: Bettablitarian—but for euphony I say bettabilitarian—I readily defer to you, though probably I shall adhere to my own way. I am very glad to hear from you—and if we were talking I should not let you off so soon.
>
> Very sincerely yours,
>
> O. W. Holmes.'

In his youth, Holmes said, he had been a New England crusader. The Civil War had cured him. He had learned to detest all fanaticisms and absolutes. He was a Malthusian with a Hobbesian contempt for "natural rights." You would have a right, he said, to free beer provided you were prepared to die for it. He called himself a *bettabilitarian*, meaning that a sceptic like himself might only reasonably hope for certain changes for the better. He had an eighteenth-century distaste for "enthusiasm": he did not go along with his disciple Felix Frankfurter in his campaign for Sacco and Vanzetti. Many Negroes, he said, were worse treated. Why so much fuss in this case? But his letters show that he was shaken by the strength of feelings aroused by this worst product of Bostonian Conservatism. He had already laid down the doctrine of "clear and present danger" in his *Schenck* opinion of 1919. Later he was to champion free thought in his *Gitlow* and *Schwimmer* dissents, and the strength of these opinions was, I think, in part, his response to the warnings of Frankfurter, Laski and the *New Republic* group that American liberties were in danger.

Books occupy a large part of the letters. Holmes relied on Harold to recommend him new publications, but complained from time to time that Harold could not really have read all the immense body of literature which he listed. After all, Holmes said, *he* could not swallow books like oysters; he read horizontally, not with a vertical glance down from top to bottom. The truth was that when Harold wrote to Holmes, he let everything flow from his pen which he thought would please and interest the old gentleman; he referred at a gulp to all the scores of books he had actually read or merely scanned or consulted, suggesting that he had only just discovered them all, in much the same way that he put into the mouths of any important person with whom he was acquainted any witty remark which he had heard during the preceding week.

I recognise many of the stories. I recall how when I myself came back from America I told him that President Wilson had said of that little peacock of a poet, Henry van Dyck, that he was "the only man that he had ever met who could *strut sitting*." Harold was delighted with the story; and a day or two after, when the staff of the London School of Economics was assembled at tea, Harold, obviously completely forgetting who had told him the story or that I was present, said: "When I was lunching with Haldane yesterday, Birrell got off a beautiful thing about Curzon. He said he was the only man he had ever met who could strut sitting." I confess to some irritation; it was my story and it did not fit Curzon.

It is easy to find many similar examples in these letters to Holmes. A favourite story of his related to Ramsay MacDonald's friendship for Lord and Lady Londonderry. In one letter he makes a colleague say that "MacDonald has still to learn that you cannot sing the Internationale to the Londonderry Air." He adds: "I wish I had said that!" forgetting that he had told it a few letters before, attributing it to another source. One becomes less tolerant of this

* *Holmes-Laski Letters*, 1916-1935. Edited by Mark de Wolfe Howe. *Oxford University Press*. £4 4s. 2 vols.

naïve foible when, for instance, he tells Holmes that he was offered a seat in MacDonald's Cabinet.

Such lies, or romances, contradictions—call them what you will—were well-known to his friends. I have written about them frankly in my *Life of Laski* and I see nothing to add, except that he was rather more reckless in his letters to Holmes than he was in writing on current affairs to Frankfurter. The odd thing is that Harold was accurate in his scholarly writing, while as a raconteur and companion he lived what can only be described as a fantasy life. I do not pretend that this habitual untruthfulness is a defensible quality. Exaggeration is, of course, common among conversationalists who bask in the applause of those they entertain, but Harold developed the tall story further than is permissible. I think he often believed his own romances.

The reader is likely to be deceived into assuming that there was no truth behind these stories and that Harold was a snob who tried to enhance his reputation and position by boasting. The puzzle and joke is that this is the exact opposite of the truth. He was actually on close terms with people like Haldane, Augustine Birrell, and Morley; he did, in fact, make fantastic bargains as a bibliophile. Most of the anecdotes he relates were of real events, but his own actual achievements were far more remarkable than those which he related with pride in his letters to America. It was as if he were afraid to be thought boastful if he told the truth, whereas it was only fun if he transformed it into an improbable yarn. I always knew that Harold was really a friend of Franklin Roosevelt because he did not boast of being one.

I, or for that matter any of those who worked closely with Harold Laski, could tell tales of his constant generosity and many secret acts of kindness. He did not talk about the innumerable hours he spent travelling to remote places to talk to small audiences or the fantastic lengths he would go to in order that some often uninteresting students should get fair treatment and a good chance of a job. He never refers in his letters to his quite astonishing success as an orator; nor does he trouble to reply to those who declared that he did not represent the rank-and-file—when in fact he was annually voted to the top of the poll at Labour Party Conferences by huge majorities, and loved as few have been in the Labour movement. His letters to Holmes or Frankfurter do not refer to such genuinely creditable performances.

Harold's unreliability as a witness deprives these letters of what is usually regarded as historical importance. They are psychologically fascinating, they are excellent reading, and, for those who have tasted the feast of French political literature which Harold and Holmes mainly discussed, these pages are never dull. Their main, and, I think, their abiding interest, lies in the relationship of the two men, a relationship to which I know no parallel. The fifty years between them is nothing. Their affection for each other, their candour and their intense enjoyment in the play of each other's minds makes this one of the most remarkable collections of correspondence in this, or, I should think, any language.

KINGSLEY MARTIN

MARVELLOUS MICROCOSM

Thomas Bewick. By MONTAGUE WEEKLEY. *Oxford.* 21*s.*

Thomas Bewick. A Bibliography Raisonné. By S. ROSCOE. *Oxford.* 70*s.*

The world of Bewick's vignettes has the minute vividness of memory. One key to it is his *Memoir*, whose wonderful early pages Mr. Weekley does well to quote at length: Bewick is the very pattern of the romantic artist who lives and works for ever in the light of a marvellous childhood, a recollection of lost paradise. For him the loss came when he went to town to be bound apprentice:

> I liked my master; I liked the business; but to part from the country, and leave all its beauties behind me, with which I had been all my life charmed in an extreme degree—and in a way I cannot describe—I can only say my heart was like to break; and, as we passed away, I inwardly bade farewell to the whinny wilds, to Mickley bank, to the Stob-cross hill, to the water banks, the woods, and to particular trees, and even to the large hollow old elm . . .

It is, as we know, the loss that makes the artist: the particular character of this artist is no doubt hidden in the phrase, "in a way I cannot describe." It owes much, too, to the fact that his childhood was marked not only by beauty but by terror. The wonder of nature filled him, but he remembered as well the endless beatings of the schoolroom and the horrible fate of the hunted hare. In the vignettes the dark strand is often visible, woven with the light: something has been written of their irony. In this tiny world no foliage is as fine, no bole so beautifully curled and corrugated, and richly girt about with fern and weed, as the oak from whose elegant branch dangles the suicide, over the shining stream. More typically, the irony is in a relation between animal and man. When boys hang a dog for sport, a second look reveals (rendered in a minute cuneiform cipher) the gallows rising above the distant mob, from which the lesson was learned. Again, in the grandest of the designs, a sheep, scrambling in terror from the fox, finds safety at last; its refuge is the fearful wheel raised on its pole. The story is retold in every accusing variation, and in others which accuse no one, demonstrating rather a dread unity of life, land and the elements, in which animal and man together stoically endure a common natural rule. Finally there are the bitter private jokes, the devil who hangs a man in his own farmyard from his own cart, and strangest of all, the figure who staggers through the night bearing a coffin marked "a wonderful fish." The inscription is disturbing: it calls to mind, incongruously yet with an odd appropriateness, the sardonic horror of the epigraphs to Goya's contemporary plates—and recalls that only Goya, after all, gave the convention of the Rococo vignette (in a print like the thirty-ninth of the "Disasters") an irony more terrible than this. But the darker side of Bewick is never unlightened. His world and its minutely comic, eccentric yet anonymous creatures are of the north. Whoever wonders why there is no English Brueghel may look closer and find just such an art in these vignettes.

The tales are not all that is told in Bewick's "tale-pieces." Perhaps nearer to the heart of them is the local, particular sense of Bewick's own countryside, tree, rock and water. (Which other river anywhere has been drawn as he drew the Tyne?) If any part holds most of the secret, it is (if not the furrowed bark of the oaks) the rocks. Sometimes a vignette has no subject at all, nothing but a great stone which fills the view, high above the low moorland horizon or by the shore, resisting the wild sea, or grown, as it were, into great towers and arches by an inherent geological caprice. The surface is eroded, channelled, lichened, pregnantly inscribed. It presents a bold hieroglyphic pattern, in which black and white, curling richly and savagely together in a symbolic language of stony hardness, each mean as much as the other. This is the type of Bewick's designing: the medium itself, the very engraving of the hard end-grain, has become autonomous, alive in its own right. Here is Bewick's deepest passion: turning the pages we discover its signs. In one vignette, blown by the wind of a desolate evening, a dark hawthorn leaf drifts across the scene, all but hiding it, finally caught on the surface of the page itself: in another, over distant cottage and horseman is printed with inscrutable appropriateness the mark of the artist's own thumb. It is the veins of the leaf, the whorls of the thumb that are wonderful, wonderful enough to exclude everything else. Minute relief was nature's private sign, the essence of memory. This was the emotional spring behind the unparalleled, incredible technique—Bewick was deeply, endlessly in love with relief itself.

Both these books are of value. Mr. Roscoe provides indispensable equipment for bibliophiles, to whom Bewick owes more than he would have wished. Mr. Weekley, without pretending to any great novelty, assembles enough material, in general hard to come by, to send readers (as it has a reviewer) back to things that they have neglected, for lack of more time or better spectacles or earlier editions: it is a cause for gratitude. The chief lapse, surprising in a well-made book, is the illustrations. If vignettes are to be greatly enlarged, the general reader needs to be warned: reproductions must be made from the finest states: above all, Bewick must never be jostled by the text. Mr. Weekley has much to say of the history of wood-cutting and illustration, not all of it to the point, but the important problems of style remain to be dealt with. Where does the Rococo landscape convention as Bewick uses it in fact come from? From many sources, no doubt, but it is significant that he owned a copy of that fountainhead, Hayman's illustrations to *Fables for the Female Sex*. If there is any true precedent for Bewick's technical innovation, the ill-named "white line," it must be sought in the only wood-cutting where white, the part that is cut, had always formed a pattern in its own right, the work of the chiaroscurists. Bewick (Mr. Weekley neglects the 1884 catalogue) owned and valued the prints of John Baptist Jackson—a lesson in broad-mindedness to devotees of wood-engraving.

LAWRENCE GOWING

LUCUS A NON LUCENDO

Malenkov. By MARTIN EBON. *Weidenfeld & Nicolson.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Russia after Stalin. By ISAAC DEUTSCHER. *Hamish Hamilton.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

On the principle of *lucus a non lucendo*, these two books are extraordinarily illuminating. They illuminate our complete ignorance of almost everything that has happened and is happening in Russia and our complete ignorance of the meaning of what we do know to have happened. Mr. Deutscher and Mr. Ebon between them write 325 pages; after reading them with more than ordinary care, I am rewarded with two facts: (1) that Joseph Stalin is dead, and (2) that Georgi Malenkov reigns in his stead (or doesn't he? May he not be the pseudonym of a committee?).

Let us begin with Mr. Ebon. His book contains 152 pages; the bare, bleak, uncontaminated incontrovertible facts about Malenkov could be written in a large hand on a half sheet of notepaper. The kind of "facts" which Mr. Ebon gives us are like this: "Throughout his career, Malenkov has lived by the tenets of Pugachov, the rebel of Orenburg. He has boldly and cunningly striven for success; he has asked not for affection, but for allegiance." It is to be noted that Mr. Ebon has to go back to Pushkin to find a fact about Malenkov, that there is no reason to believe that Malenkov has ever heard of Pugachov, or has read Pushkin, or has not asked for affection. Nine-tenths of Mr. Ebon's facts are of this fanciful and intangible nature, or are contaminated by "mights," "must haves," "probablies," or by such illuminating phrases as "It cannot be ruled out that. . . ."

A good example of the illumination afforded by this book is to be found in Mr. Ebon's account of the Jewish doctors' conspiracy and of the relations between Malenkov and Beria. He states categorically that the anti-Semitic Soviet policy was due to Malenkov's anti-Semitic prejudices and that it was Beria who reversed the policy when "he announced that the doctors had been falsely accused." There is not the slightest evidence for this; indeed Mr. Deutscher implies that the reversal of the policy was due to Malenkov. It is significant that Mr. Ebon is as much in the dark (and therefore as illuminating) about the future as about the past. There has, he says, been at no time any sign of conflict between Beria and Malenkov. "As an ally, the Soviet Premier must value Beria as the man whose support, more than that of anyone else, assures the relative permanence of his position." "Malenkov, it seems clear, cannot maintain himself without Beria's support."

Mr. Deutscher's book, as was to be expected, is a more intelligent essay than Mr. Ebon's, for he is the well-known author of a first-class political biography of Stalin. But after his *Stalin* this book is very disappointing. The truth is that it is still impossible for even an intelligent man to make bricks without straw. Mr. Deutscher does not attempt to give us the kind of Malenkov-Pushkin facts described above, and he too has to sprinkle his text with "seems," "mays," and "possiblies." But his main thesis is a highly theoretical analysis of Stalinism and a hypothetical discussion of Malenkov's role as the liquidater of Stalinism. His knowledge and scholarship make his account of Stalinism interesting and worthy of respect. His picture of Malenkov as the comparatively enlightened man whose task it is to reverse Stalinism, and his view that we shall probably see a democratic regeneration of the Communist system of government and society may, of course, be true, but the evidence for it is so unsubstantial that it cannot really support anything.

The moral of these two books is that there is nothing like scepticism.

LEONARD WOOLF

A DARK LIGHT ON THE PAGE

Private View. By WALTER DE LA MARE. *Faber.* 18s.

"The house of life, darkened, haunted, is above and around us. Brightest lover and friend, like clear-illumined ghosts, offer their wordless company . . ." Here a reader may pause, suddenly conscious that, for a writer of criticism (and the passage occurs in an essay on Donne), the assumption behind these images is a strange one. How does this eye view and this mind reflect back the worldlier chapters that they meet? In this prose collection we have the queer experience of seeing such writers as Butler and James, Tennyson and Vaughan, Defoe, Hardy, Thackeray, and the new Georgian poets of the Marsh anthologies, at their point of reputation over forty years ago, through the same private vision. For it was in 1908 that Mr. de la Mare, having "failed" (as he quaintly tells us) "as a writer," turned first to the practice of criticism. With two or three exceptions, these essays belong to that legendary decade between 1909 and 1919, when Mr. Chesterton was "still happily young in years," and the poems of Edward Thomas required an explanatory note as being untraditional and bold—which, as a matter of fact, they are.

It may be said that it is forty years too late to join issue with their author on matters of critical judgment; it must also be added that by taking much of the time a peculiarly original path, he avoids provoking dissension. What he prefers to do is not to illuminate, which is ordinarily the critic's business, but to direct us to some strange, unevident aspect of his subject—to point out, in his own metaphorical manner, its grottoes, or caverns, or tracts of untried forest. It is where his sympathies are most engaged that Mr. de la Mare the critic writes so much like Mr. de la Mare the poet, and offers, like many originals, so dangerous an example. Indeed, so little does he separate himself from a writer who stirs his imagination that each takes on something of the quality of the other. The more perceptive his commentary appears, the more it is also a commentary on himself. "Like all preternaturally real people," he observes, "Mr. Hardy's characters are also a little like ghosts." "As if in reverie, and as if out of an enormous distance," he notes of Edward Thomas, "the eye sees with astonishing clearness and discrimination the things of actuality close to it." And of Flecker: "Yet out of his passion for the strange came the sense of mystery that was to haunt his later years. Phantasms ('tall stone men') that recall the poems of Blake for an instant gaze out of his verse and are gone. The silent throng about him." The very passages of poetry quoted have a curious relationship which, in the daylight of ordinary criticism, we should hardly recognise.

> Look at the old house,
> Outmoded, dignified,
> Dark and untenanted,
> With grass growing instead
> Of the footsteps of life . . .
>
> Stars are of mighty use: The night
> Is dark and long;
> The Rode foul, and where one goes right,
> Six may go wrong . . .
>
> Still on the tower stood the vane,
> A black yew gloom'd the stagnant air . . .
>
> I thought her like the rwose that flung
> His sweetness vrom his darken'd ball.

Thomas, Vaughan, Tennyson, Barnes—by some necromantic trick given an impossible literary cousinship.

But where Mr. de la Mare can detach himself from his theme it is another story. Clarity enters, life and wit; the impressionistic apologist becomes the creative critic. The very use of metaphor—an essential part of his writing—undergoes a change. Elsewhere he makes it serve not to enlighten but to obscure, to add, perhaps, to the atmosphere's special crepuscular quality. Enthusiasm may lead him to passages of cumulative imagery—a hazardous practice, of which the most dismaying public example that comes to mind is the famous paragraph in Francis Thompson's Essay on Shelley. Distance, however, gives his style a lucid economy. On Thackeray, who awakens in him "a transitory but absorbed curiosity, often sharpened by aversion," he writes at length and with brilliance; it is the book's outstanding essay. The asperity that touches his reflection on the early Yeats admits of no critical vagueness. He is delightfully apt about Suckling; admirable in his analysis of Poe. Writing of Tennyson ("He had little of that essential but, even in minds much less well endowed than his own, not very rare faculty, invention") he points out the weakness, poetically and psychologically, of the *endings* of his poems; of Ruskin he observes that "he could only with the utmost difficulty be dispassionate; and even then the effort burns through his prose"; of Bridges: "the tinder, as it were, is always there; it is the spark that is wanting." There is a surprisingly cutting edge to the concluding passage on Mr. John D. Rockefeller, in which a good romantic image combines with a nice piece of mathematical calculation. And it is particularly interesting to read his shrewd appraisal (as of one dealer in magic on another) of the Celtic Fiona McLeod.

> The danger for the critic in this unique case is that of rating a literary achievement too high for reasons other than its essential value and significance. The romance of the situation casts a glamour over its outcome. Sharp, at any rate, was not slow to take advantage of the kind of irresponsibility it conferred . . . And in the somewhat oppressive prefaces . . . there is an occasional want of balance, a hint of arrogance and overweening. Fiona loved to be a little esoteric, to fill up her sentences with obscure allusions, fine words and names, and snatches of Gaelic. And though the progress of such prose is like that of an army with banners, its final effect upon the reader sometimes resembles the impression left on the mind of the spectator when the army has gone by.

The Times Science Review, an illustrated quarterly publication, describes present-day fundamental research and the application of new principles to industry. Contributors are authorities of the highest standing, who have established the reputation of the *Review* among research workers, amateurs of science, and students of technology.

The next issue, to be published on August 11, will include articles on the following subjects:

VERY PURE METALS
By A. R. Powell, F.R.S., Research Manager, Johnson Matthey & Co. Ltd.

SEASONAL INFLUENCE IN ANIMALS
By Professor S. Zuckerman, F.R.S.

THE POLAR AURORA
By James Paton, Edinburgh University

CATCHING DROPS AND PARTICLES
By H. Chilton, British Electricity Authority

TECHNIQUES OF RESEARCH (2) Micromanipulation
By J. Worst, University of Utrecht

★

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Mr. de la Mare claims to write most happily on subjects that he is not already familiar with. He tells of a book, *The Use of the Sabre by Cavalry in War-time* which was sent to him in error for review. "Treasure Trove, indeed!" (I quote his words). But all too briskly it was recalled for the military correspondent. And yet, one cannot be sure whether or no he would have made a sort of midnight poetry of the thing. Unlike fiction, which is, of all the forms which literature can take, the most revealing, criticism can allow its writer a reasonable measure of distance—even, of disguise. (So, at least, the critic prefers to believe.) This disguise Mr. de la Mare the poet-as-critic has to deny himself. A forest of metaphor cannot hide him. In the one character, to put it briefly, we learn about his authors; in the other, about himself. But readers who can accept both, who prefer even to regard his criticism as an extension of his poetry will find here passages as individual and strange as anything in his verse.

> A man takes up his candle, and in its clear but baffling light must push his way through the darkness of life's corridor past every hindrance, stopping his ears as best he can against fear and the conflicting voices, towards the glimmer of the window at the far end, only to stand at last confronting in the dark glass, against the deeper darkness of the night without, his own weary and haunted face; bravely aware that even the candle that has been his guide and comrade must be extinguished before he can see beyond.

It happens to be of Ruskin, but this hardly matters at all.

NAOMI LEWIS

AIR WAR

Cover of Darkness. By RODERICK CHISHOLM. *Chatto & Windus.* 12s. 6d.

Across the Parallel. By GEORGE ODGERS. *Heinemann.* 21s.

War has enlarged not only man's capacity for destruction. It is natural enough to see 1914-1918 primarily in terms of bigger and bloodier guns and 1939-1945 in terms of bigger flights of bombers dropping ever heavier loads. But there is little comfort to be drawn from Armageddon. As the challenge of 1914 converted flight from a pioneer pastime into an accepted part of civilized life, so that of 1940 endowed man with virtually a new sense. Radar was in effect a new mode of vision, developed with a rapidity which leaves one gasping at the witty ingenuity of the scientists responsible no less than at the courage and skill of the airmen who had to use it.

Roderick Chisholm's book describes how this new sense developed from its early days of bumbling experiment into an eventual chaos of competitive brilliance, of jamming and interception and "spoof," when, as he sadly admits, "it was all becoming too complicated," and a return to daylight bombing seemed the only answer. His account is largely autobiographical. He started the war as a night-fighter pilot steering Blenheims ineffectively around the night sky in search of an enemy who could neither be located nor, if found, effectively pursued. His skill developed; a bag of two Heinkels in one night won him the reputation of a minor ace; and his swansong was a duel in which he and his adversary stalked each other in pitch darkness and at high speed—an incident as tensely described and as amazing to the layman as anything science-fiction can offer. In June 1942 he was given command of a unit for the testing of new tactics and equipment; and from there (he is maddeningly vague about dates) he was transferred to a Radio-Counter-Measures Group in Bomber Command, to end the war as a high-ranking staff-officer in charge of interception techniques in attack and defence.

All this has to be deduced obliquely, for the author writes with a modest self-effacement which suppresses essential details about his promotion and obscures the clarity of the narrative; a virtue surely out of place and certainly irritating in a work presumably designed as a serious contribution to our knowledge of a little-known aspect of the war. As a result the book falls into two separate halves, the first a subjective description of night-fighting between 1940-42, the second an objective account of the development of technique and equipment. Each in its way is admirable. Air Commodore Chisholm is as clear in his descriptions of the complex technicalities which largely fill the latter half of his work as he is sensitive and honest in describing the feelings of the men who had to fly.

> A pilot is, at first, an easy prey to panic. Panic is always there, ready to take charge, to prevent him from thinking clearly, to urge him soon to set aside one plan of action and try another, and although it can be suppressed by constant practice it is, I think, never finally overcome.

However complex and wonderful the aids built into the aircraft—and eventually each Mosquito carried twenty-five separate radar units—at the controls there always sat a man: highly trained, courageous, but mortal, subject to worry, to error, to sickness and fatigue. War may change, but not the individuals who fight it.

This appealing, Leslie-Howard type of sensitive courage does not come through in *Across the Parallel*, which deals with the exploits of the Australian fighter-squadron in Korea. Perhaps the Australians don't feel that way; more likely the competent journalistic veneer with which their story is varnished obliterates all the acerbities of men under strain which it is the virtue of good reporting to reveal. Not that Mr. Odgers has done his job badly. He uses all his skill as a writer to give unity and interest to a formless, frustrating and unfinished campaign; but the result has the improbable and vivid finish of a war portrait by Eric Kennington. Certainly he has a fine story to tell, but one wonders whether it is best told at such length—and so soon.

MICHAEL HOWARD

RUSKIN'S LAST LOVE

The Gulf of Years: Letters from John Ruskin to Kathleen Olander. Commentary by KATHLEEN PRYNNE. *Allen & Unwin.* 9s. 6d.

This correspondence, now tardily brought to light, resulted from a chance encounter in the National Gallery in December, 1887, when John Ruskin, a heavily-bearded eminent Victorian approaching the age of seventy, was invited by Miss Olander, a twenty-year-old art student, to express his opinion of her attempt at copying a Turner, and fell in love with her at first sight. He immediately proposed that she should throw up her art school and become his private pupil. Her parents, when informed of the offer, were naturally flattered by the great man's interest in their daughter's talent and gave their approval.

The lessons which followed had necessarily to be conducted by post, since the girl's home was at Acton, while Ruskin was staying at Sandgate for reasons of health. They were very odd lessons indeed—addressed to "Dearest Kathleen" and signed "Ever your loving Maestro." The serious business of instruction was continually interrupted and interspersed with personal reminiscences and moral precepts; and as the weeks passed into months it should have been obvious to anyone but an unsophisticated girl that Ruskin's object was not to ground his pupil in the fundamentals of colour and perspective so much as "to cast the glamourie o'er her" of his own magnetic personality. And in that he completely succeeded. By the time Mr. and Mrs. Olander discovered that something queer was going on and put a stop to the correspondence, their daughter was already in thrall; and she pined so effectively for her maestro that her parents relented, allowing her to resume writing to him on condition that nothing outside Art should be mentioned. Their action was ill-advised. Ruskin never gave another thought to Art and returned triumphantly to his courtship. In September 1888 he came at last to the point and wrote to Kathleen Olander that he wished to marry her—"it is *terrible* for any creature of my temper to have no wife—one cannot but go mad."

The proposal produced utter confusion all round. Miss Olander, who had been thinking of herself as a sort of adopted daughter to Ruskin, was staggered by the change in role expected of her: her parents were so ignorant of their child that they accused her of wanting to marry Ruskin for his money; and a clergyman who was consulted pronounced marriage in any case impossible because Ruskin had been divorced. Owing to the prudery of the times the facts about Ruskin's previous nullified marriage to Effie Gray were wrapped in mystery. Miss Olander, for one, knew nothing about it, and, when she learnt from a friend that Ruskin had been pronounced physically impotent by a court of law, she took courage and declared herself willing to become his platonic wife in lieu of adopted daughter. It is highly problematical whether that was ever Ruskin's idea of their future relationship, but fortunately the question never had to be answered. The couple were powerless to communicate with each other; within a few weeks Ruskin plunged into another mental breakdown; and all that

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remained of their brief idyll was a scar in Miss Olander's heart which took many years to heal.

Ruskin's relations with women are generally regarded today with disfavour; and these letters, so characteristic of the man, will certainly expose him to further vituperation.

"I've got such a host of things to say that I'm afraid to say and can't stop to think whether I will or not!—such naughty things they are."

"Now just be a *little* wicked for once."

"You can't think how naughty people are in Paris."

"I've got you driven into such a delightful corner, you puss."

—are specimens of his sly baby-talk which make our modern flesh crawl. But one ought to remember that he was half-mad all the time and snatching desperately at a forlorn hope of salvation and sanity. If one makes allowance for the manic-depressive pendulum on which he was rocking, the impression given by these letters is not so much rebarbative as infinitely pathetic.

Miss Olander, now Mrs. Prynne and an old lady, is to be congratulated on her courage in allowing the letters to be printed in her life-time and in contributing explanatory notes which reveal her own agonising feelings. Of the participants in the affair she is the only one who comes out *sans peur et sans reproche*. Her parents behaved with the smug self-righteousness which we find it so hard to forgive in the Victorians: they impounded all Ruskin's letters and handed them over solemnly as a wedding present to the husband of their daughter, when she eventually married after Ruskin's death. Ruskin's literary executor, Cook, behaved no better: he knew about Miss Olander but suppressed all mention of her in the Collected Works, because she refused to destroy her precious letters. Miss Olander alone has kept steadfastly true through the gulf of years to the memory of her old maestro.

RALPH PARTRIDGE

SHARK HUNTING

Shark-O! By P. FITZGERALD O'CONNOR. *Secker & Warburg.* 15*s.*

If it is necessary to say some disagreeable things about a book which you have enjoyed, is it better to start or to end with them? To start, I think, for the final impression I wish to leave is that *Shark-O!* is well worth reading, that it conveys a great deal of interesting information about shark-hunting in the Outer Hebrides, and that Mr. O'Connor, judging by his photograph and manner of writing, is a rugged, likeable adventurer, a sort of marine Hillary.

My criticisms are that the book is padded, and the style often clumsy. It was not easy to make a *Kon-Tiki* out of a single season's shark-fishing in our own coastal waters. For though the Minch is a cold and surly sea, it has been too much overfished and overwritten to be news, and the basking-sharks are not strange, beautiful or dangerous enough to come into the category of sea monsters. The subject is therefore a bit bald. Mr. O'Connor realised this, and has unfortunately attempted to pad his material by inserting nearly 100 pages of preparatory matter before the first shark is caught; and to lighten it by conveying his scientific and legal information in imaginary, "cheerful" conversations with Hebridean Commander Campbells:

"Foreigners caught working inside the three-mile limit get a walloping fine.

"'Why three miles?'" J. B. was after reasons again.

"Why? Fable has it that the ruling came about . . ."

It is a pity. For when Mr. O'Connor deserts his Brains Trust manner, and expounds cleanly and calmly, as in his descriptions of the tidal races of the Minch and the island life of Scalpay, he can write very well indeed. There are further tricks for which I do not much care. "El Sharko," as a frequent comic description of his quarry, palls in print. And when he writes hurriedly, we are apt to be given such sentences as: "But now we knew what we were after we had to get down to work," the *w*'s wheezing like the folds of a concertina.

All this is forgivable because of Mr. O'Connor's high spirits. The main narrative concerns the cruise of his converted harbour-launch from Loch Fyne to near the northern tip of the Hebrides. On the bows of the launch was mounted the gun from which Mr. O'Connor would fire barbed harpoons into the flanks of the five-ton basking-sharks. His purpose was partly financial (for the oil-bearing livers of the sharks were very profitable), partly scientific and partly adventurous. Having no feelings at all about the sufferings of the sharks, his pleasure was the pleasure of any chase. The sight of a black, sail-like fin cutting through the water was for him the summit of human ecstasy. And when to his growing tonnage of reeking livers, boiling away in his tiny floating factory, were added the scalps of a dozen Norwegian fishing-boats which he found trespassing on his shark-fields, Mr. O'Connor felt that he had caught enough for one season's fishing and experienced enough for one season's book.

He was right. He is an adventurer in almost unknown waters ("almost," for there is always Mr. Gavin Maxwell, of whose book *Harpoon at a Venture* Mr. O'Connor has some sharp, shark-like things to say), and when with lacerated hands he dropped the harpoon for the pen, he was completing a task which will give pleasure to many and instruction to the very few who will care to rival him.

NIGEL NICOLSON

NEW NOVELS

The Honey Siege. By GIL BUHET. *Cape.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Fugitives. By ALAN THOMAS. *Gollancz.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Mysterious Pregnancy. By NIGEL HESELTINE. *Gollancz.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Hellebore the Clown. By MAURICE ROWDON. *Chatto & Windus.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

When original sin went out of children the polymorphous perverse took its place. But in between was the interregnum of the age of innocence. Wordsworth was its poet, Marryat, Dickens and Mark Twain its novelists. Childhood was the golden age, its enemy the adult state; but the age was brief; shades of the prison-house began to close upon the growing boy, and he reckoned he got to light out for the Territory ahead of the rest, because Aunt Sally was going to adopt him and civilise him, and he couldn't stand it. The belief in boyhood as a golden age, doubly precious because of its brevity, still lingers in the folklore of the middle class: "Schooldays, my lad? Happiest time of your life." In fiction, however, it has long passed: there the child squats, sullen on the surface, boiling with passion within, racked by self-tortures of an intensity adulthood rarely knows, murder in his heart against his father, lusting after his mother, brooding on death. Between them, Hardy's "Father Time," Stephen Dedalus and Paul Morel did for Peter Simple, David Copperfield and Tom Sawyer. Or so it seems.

Yet, from France of all countries, the birthplace of Gide's young counterfeiters and Mauriac's little miseries, comes M. Buhet's shining restatement of the heroic vision of boyhood. *The Honey Siege* is an idyll, and a charming one. It relates the revolt of the boys of Casteilcorbon, a village near the Pyrenees, against adult injustice: the schoolmaster, M. Grillon, has found his bee-hives rifled and accuses the children of his top class of the crime, giving them two days in which to confess or lose their holiday. The boys, among whom is M. Grillon's son, decide to run away to Spain but instead occupy the old fortress, provision it for a siege and lower the drawbridge; for them, the age of chivalry has come again. The local fire-brigade is powerless to dislodge these embattled knights, and when, as a result of the diplomacy of the prefect of the department, the siege is raised, they are welcomed out of their castle with an approximation to military honours.

This week in

The Listener

Insurance for Peace
LORD ISMAY

Understanding Between Races
The Rev. MICHAEL SCOTT

The Comic Prophet
NORMAN NICHOLSON

The Triple Revolt in East Asia
C. P. FITZGERALD

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M. Buhet is not a Mark Twain or the Joyce Cary who wrote *A House of Children* and *Charley Is My Darling*. He does no more than dramatise a pleasing anecdote for its own sake; but the dramatisation is splendidly done, and through his anecdote M. Buhet brings his small village and its inhabitants triumphantly to life. His characterisation, of children and adults alike, is very good indeed; the characters are drawn firmly and with a humorous affection. The novel is quite unsentimental, and its pathos is the pathos attending the shades of the prison-house as they close upon the growing boy, of the leader of the boys, Pierre Daranluz, the inn-keeper's son, in particular. He is the motive force behind the revolt and its inspiration, the boy with a vision of justice that admits of no compromise. It is he alone among them who realises that their victory has been no victory but merely the tolerant concession made by the grown-ups to their play, which before he had not seen as play. So, when the novel ends, and the other boys are planning their next adventure, to go to sea as pirates, he agrees to join in only reluctantly. "All right," he says, "we'd start a new country where there'd be no more grown-ups . . ." Play is no longer what it is for children, a way of life; it has become an escape. A delightful novel, admirably translated by Mr. Geoffrey Sainsbury.

The Fugitives is also an anecdote, though Mr. Thomas is less successful in giving it body and in illuminating it. His novel too begins as an idyll. But the peace of the pastoral community of l'Ile d'Arc Mr. Thomas imagines off the coast of France is early shattered by rumours, which prove true, that deposits of a mineral essential to defence, as it might be uranium, have been discovered there and that the island is to be evacuated, its inhabitants dispersed, so that the mysterious material may be worked in conditions of secrecy. Mr. Thomas's theme, then, is essentially the problem of the rights of the individual citizen as against the rights of the state at the present time. The inhabitants of l'Ile d'Arc have no doubt about their rights: they refuse to budge and are prepared to withstand the persuasions and power of the Government, until a tragic incident precipitates an entirely different situation and robs them of the strength of their moral position. The trouble is, *The Fugitives* remains a parable. The characters are the mouthpieces of various points of view, and in many instances no more. Mr. Thomas states the problem but does not manage to root it in an observed and deeply felt reality, as one can imagine a writer like Silone doing. His picture of the island in its idyllic state is good and convincing, but then the novel comes apart, the thesis overrides the characters, and the action that leads to the resolution of the problem is curiously perfunctory and unprepared for, as though the author was conscious of a failure of imagination in himself.

The Mysterious Pregnancy contains two pregnancies, neither of which is mysterious, though one proves to be a false alarm. It is written with care and precision, but one has the sense throughout of having read it not once but many times before. The scene is Paris, the characters English and Irish expatriates and visitors—Lesbians, abortionists, beautiful bitches, drunken spendthrifts who once had brilliant futures, and innocent young things from their Irish bogs. If it has a flavour of the Twenties it is because the Twenties novelists, American and English, did it once for all, and better.

The title of Mr. Rowdon's novel has a grim aptness. Clowns, by tradition, are solemn men, and *Hellebore the Clown* is a solemn book with an unrelenting portentousness all its own. Hellebore makes his comeback in Paris after the first war—but at what a cost in endurance to this reader.

WALTER ALLEN

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SHORTER REVIEWS

The Queen over the Water. By MARY HOPKIRK. *Murray.* 21*s.*

In writing this life of Mary of Modena Mrs. Hopkirk has been admirably scholarly and dispassionate: if she has any Jacobite predilections she has been at pains to conceal them. When Anne Hyde died in 1671 leaving the Duke of York a widower, Louis XIV put forward Maria d'Este, a pretty Italian girl of 14, to fill the matrimonial vacancy. The girl would have preferred to be a nun, but her mother, the Duchess of Modena, was persuaded that it was God's wish that her daughter should marry the heir to the throne of England. As things turned out the match proved fatal to all hopes of redeeming our island from heresy. When Mary at last succeeded in her pious purpose of providing James II with a legitimate son, the happy event, far from ensuring the Catholic Succession, precipitated its total eclipse within a matter of weeks. Otherwise Mary of Modena, as Mrs. Hopkirk clearly points out, cannot be held responsible for the fall of the Stuarts. She exasperated the London populace by her love of priests and masses, but she had little political influence, and what she had was opposed to her husband's frantic hurry to convert the country to Catholicism. It was Father Petre, the Jesuit whom she feared and disliked, who drove James II to his ruin. The last half of her life "over the water" at St. Germain was spent in sporadic Jacobite intrigue, at which she was not very adept, and in the constant consolation of that religion for which she had lost her throne.

In the effort to renounce old-fashioned pomposity biographers often slip into a painful jauntiness. Mrs. Hopkirk's pleasantly informal style avoids either extreme: the enormous bibliography she has consulted does not cramp the easy flow of her narrative; and she does not allow her sympathies or antipathies towards the historical characters concerned to outrun her discretion—except in the case of William of Orange, whom she candidly hates and takes every opportunity to attack.

Fables. By JACQUETTA HAWKES. *Cresset Press.* 15*s.*

Mrs. Hawkes shows her range as a fabulist, from the more or less straight allegory to the cryptic poetic reverie. The key to the collection is perhaps her delicately, gaily painted study of the splendid civilised city of the Cats. Life here is of an ineffable serenity until the city is over-run by its servants, the Dogs, who in the subsequent chaos then try to live with the beautiful harmony of the felines; their inferior kind never can.

Mrs. Hawkes's vision of a dogged world in which there is nothing left remarkable does indeed suffuse the book: the talented, exceptional Woodpeckers are bloodily expelled by the crude upstart Starlings; the mysterious Red Admiral is scientifically dissected by enlightened analysts (wasps and ichneumon flies) and thus destroyed. In *The Unites*, a fantasy occupying almost half the book, human society of the future has become indistinguishable from an insect colony. *Other Island* reveals to us that the attraction of the faraway lies not in the place itself but in the romancing mind; a Pyramus and Thisbe-like tale, *The Poet, The Woman and the Wall*, urges yet again the lasting creative power of frustrated passion—as too in terms of plumbing, *The Fountain*. Only in *The Couple Who Lived and the Couple Who Died*, with its contrast between the blessing of sudden death and the semi-illusion of fulfilment, does Mrs. Hawkes strike a raw, poignant new note.

Personal Remarks. By L. A. G. STRONG. *Peter Nevill.* 15*s.*

Mr. Strong is a talker. He catches his ideas from the air, and drops them as lightly. It is noticeable how in this literary miscellany it is impossible to distinguish the reprinted addresses from the essays. The majority of the pieces are about Irish writers at whose feet or tables he has sat. As criticism, which many of them set out to be, they tend to fall disastrously apart in the middle; on the one hand Mr. Strong sees the writer himself, and plays up, with his novelist's skill, the man's eccentricity or charm (usually the two); but faced with the books themselves he retires disconcertingly often into observations on natural

harmony and preternatural intensity. That fusion of the writer's personality into his words which is the birth of art is a process that his talk cannot quite catch. Thus the long essays on Yeats and Synge add little to one's knowledge or perception; but the kicking limbs of Francis Sylvester Mahony, the nineteenth-century Jesuit *manqué* who turned to savaging his contemporaries in the literary magazines, and of George Darley, who did the same on alternate days but regretted it on the others, are deftly reassembled. (A very closely argued essay on Dickens's treatment of the romantic heroines of his novels must be excepted from these remarks.)

The more professedly light and gentle essays contain some pleasures. Tom Moore's fan mail is admirably displayed; the pantomime dame, a role with which Mr. Strong is personally familiar, is heartily defended. But all in all these occasional writings of his stand up uncomfortably between stiff covers: they belong more truly to the recumbent magazine.

Week-end Competitions

No. 1,224

Set by John Pomfret

"August 12: Grouse Shooting begins" (*Letts Diary*). The usual prizes are offered for a nostalgic Edwardian *aquarelle*, in prose or verse, entitled "The Twelfth." Limit, 16 lines of verse or 150 words of prose. Entries by August 18.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,221

Set by Naomi Lewis

Prizes are offered for a poem in six, seven or eight lines explaining or defining one of the following: Existentialism, hedonism, romanticism, philistinism, cynicism, suburbanism, imperialism, enthusiasm, diplomacy, hypocrisy.

Report by Naomi Lewis

Untouched by the languor of high summer, competitors wrote poems in such numbers and of such quality that I must leave all space for quotation, pausing only at such excerpts as J. S.'s on Diplomacy:

> I find the alligator's touch
> More tender, I confess;
> I could not love thee, dear, so much
> Loved I not others less—

and Trog's:

> Existentialism may be defined
> As that particular state of mind
> In which it can be understood.

A guinea each to D. R. Peddy, Graeme Wilson, John Comley, Frank Dunnill, Edward Blishen and Robert Gaffikin. I also commend D. W. Barker, D. N. Dalglish, Alice James, S. K. Suleman, J. S. (S.W.16.), G. J. Blundell, Jane Peock, Hackepen, Ethel Scheffauer, Edgar Evans, J. P. A. Race, A. M. Sayers, J. R. Till.

> I must be quite emphatic
> That only those who have had an expensive
> education in certain Public Schools and
> Colleges could be, or should ever be encouraged
> to try to be, diplomatic.
> For it is pre-eminently they who
> Are adept at displaying, if not actually possessing,
> that absence of *trop de zèle*, of which was it not
> Talleyrand who spoke highly as a diplomatic
> attribute, *surtout*?
> Diplomacy is, moreover, an art
> In which only that truly diplomatic sex, *i.e.*, the
> male, with its long and glorious record of
> tactful conciliation, could with any prospect
> of success, take part.
> Which is perhaps why, in a matter
> Where the choice is between possibly winning the
> existing peace and certainly winning the next
> war, diplomacy is inclined to go for the latter.
>
> D. R. PEDDY

> Diplomacy's a means by which
> The nations (that, in brutal fact,
> Abhor each other) clothe with tact
> A tap upon a neighbour's snitch.
> It makes sedate
> The universal Billingsgate.
>
> EDWARD BLISHEN

> You ask me what is hedonism,
> And briefly I would say
> It's a sort of St. Anthony Edenism;
> Swann's follow my Leda Way;
> A Summertime on Bredonism
> For making semantic hay.
> It's the gather-ye-rosebuds proposition
> In ye rosebuds' best condition.
>
> GRAEME WILSON

> Hypocrisy,
> The vice of the Aristocracy,
> Is one which the great proletariat
> Are very chary at:
> For the lower-class ruffian
> Cannot be thought as tartuffian,
> And never pretends to be holier,
> Like the rascal depicted by Moliere.
>
> ROBERT GAFFIKIN

> Mr. D.: We are existentially free
> To do what we like . . .
> Mr. B.: Or to be
> As bad as we feel . . .
> Mr. D.: I agree!
> Mr. B.: To be indolent . . .
> Mr. D.: Go on the spree,
> To love Mahler . . .
> Mr. B.: Or Mother Machree—
> Or Miss Monroe.
> Mr. D.: Ah! there I agree!
> Mr. B.: We can do what we like with our lives,
> We can even . . .
> Mr. D.: Sh! here come the wives!
>
> FRANK BLISHEN and EDWARD DUNNILL

> What is the most that one can see?
> *Echo*: Me.
> To what Great Heights can Dreams Aspire?
> *Echo*: the Byre.
> Whence comes the Lead the World Awaits?
> *Echo*: the States.
> (*Exit Echo, pursued by enraged host of N.S. & N. readers.*)
>
> JOHN COMLEY

CHESS: To Yield or not to Yield

No. 201

I think it was Oscar Wilde who said that, so as to be really immune against temptation one had better yield to it. Lest I be suspected of tendering equally frivolous advice I hasten to provide some sobering antidote to the dangerous drug we toyed with, a couple of weeks ago. To tempt fate may well be thrilling; it may even be advisable when one has no other choice. But so long as we have the choice we should prefer sound reality to illusory brilliance. Here is a case in point, a position which Paul List sent me. He reached it 45 years ago when giving the odds of a R to a player who thought to be consolidating his position by (1) . . . Kt-Q4.

List played (2) B-Q6, and his opponent could not resist the temptation of grabbing the exchange by Kt-K6. List here had to (and did) resist the far more alluring temptation (3) R x P, Kt x Q. (4) B-Kt6, followed by the pretty mate R-K7-K8. Alas, Black can counter it by (4) . . .Q-K2; nor does he have to take the Q on the previous move; he can take the R instead. Hence, List soberly played (3) Q-K2, and since his opponent now saw that (3) . . . Kt x R would be punished by a mate in 2, he retreated the Kt to Q4 which cost him merely a piece and a P.

Here—Rutanen-Hörhammer, Helsinki 1951—is an amusing little game in which Black could not resist the temptation of taking and holding on to a gambit-P, whereas White, as we shall see, manfully resisted a more subtle temptation.

(1) P-K4	P-K3	(4) Kt-QB3	Kt-KB3
(2) P-QKt3	P-Q4	(5) Q-K2	Q-Q5?
(3) B-Kt2	P x P	(6) O-O-O-	B-B4

Craven for Civic honours

SIR JAMES BARRIE considered that a tin of Craven Tobacco was a far greater award than the freedom of the city. In 'My Lady Nicotine' he said:

"It is a Tobacco that should only be smoked by our greatest men. Were we to present a tin of it to our national heroes instead of the freedom of the city they would probably thank us more."

Craven Tobacco is unstinting in its service—mellow, slow-burning, deeply satisfying. Try it—every pipeful will honour you with smoking riches.

Obtainable in three fine blends *Craven Mixture 4/7 oz. Craven Empire de Luxe Mixture 4/3 oz. Craven Empire Curly Cut 4/4 oz.*

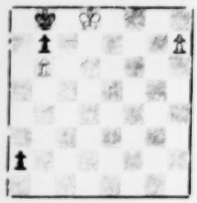
(7) P-KB3	P x P	(13) P-QKt4!	B-Q1
(8) Kt x P	Q-B7?	(14) Kt-QR4!	P-QR4
(9) Q-Kt5 ch	P-B3	(15) B-Q3	Q x KtP
(10) Q-B4	P-QK:4	(16) QR-Kt1	B-B2
(11) Q-KB4	O-O	(17) Q x Kt!	resigns.
(12) B-Q3	B-Kt3		

What was the temptation so manfully resisted by White? It was (7) Kt-QR4?, B-R6! From the 12th move on it is most amusing to watch Black's futile efforts to dig alternative funk-holes for his wayward Q. Obviously (14) . . . P x Kt would have been punished by (15) B-Q4, Q x KtP. (16) R-Kt1, Q-R6. (17) R x P ch!

A: Alekhine 1938

The 4-pointer for beginners is a game position in which Black decided the issue by a single and truly smashing move. **B** and **C** are both wins for White and they may well be underrated with 6 and 7 points but for the hint that they are related to one another as well as to this week's subject matter. Joseph's classic is a case of two ladies grimly tempting each other, whereas Lommer has recreated the basic idea as a duel fought by R and Q.

B: D. Joseph 1922



C: H. M. Lommer 1934

Usual prizes. Entries by August 17.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

Set July 18

A: (1) . . . R x P, (2) R x B, Q-K7.

B: (1) Kt-Kt3 ch, K-Q4, (2) B x R ch, K-B5, (3) B-K6 ch, B-Q4, (4) B x B ch, P x B, (5) Q-B6 ch, Kt-B4, (6) R-Q4 ch, P x R, (7) Q x Kt ch, Q x Q, (8) Kt-R5 ch, R x Kt, (9) P-Kt3 mate.

(3) or (4) . . . Kt x B is countered by Q-B1 mate.

C: Both QB's having been captured on their home-squares, this leaves 2 White and 5 Black men captured by P's, the latter on QKt3 and the K-file. The Black P on R7 must be the original QRP, the White QRP having captured round it twice. The White B must be the QBP, promoted on QKt8 or Q8 (1 capture). The missing White KRP was promoted on KR8 and fell on Kt6 after twice capturing round Black's KRP. Hence the White KP and KBP are on their home-files. Assuming it to be White's move, what was Black's last one? Not QBP x Kt3, since the White QBP needed a free run; nor P-R3, since the White KRP had to reach his 8th; nor P-K5, since this P captured the White-square B which, (e6 being ruled out), must have happened on e4, but not on the last move, on account of KB6 being the original White KBP. If it were Black's move the only square White can clear for the K to have moved from is QB2, by means of K(K1)-QB1. The Black K could have escaped either from a disc. ch. Kt(QB3)-K2, or from R(Q4)-B4 ch. Hence, White must be castling.

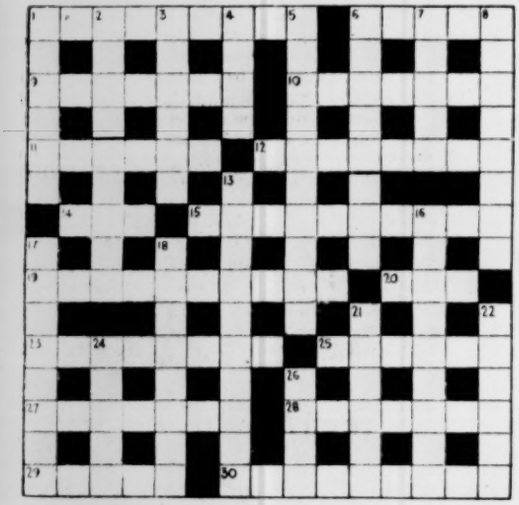
Undeterred by the difficulties of **C** a good many competitors grappled with it and got it quite or nearly right. Several of them professed to enjoy that sort of "legal" problem. M. Swaminathan and R. J. Harman went to the trouble of concocting a game resulting in Heidenfeld's position. They share the prizes with B Junks, R. L. Mason, C. J. Morse, G. W. Richardson. Non-Londoners' 12th move P-Q4. Londoners' 12th due by August 12th.

ASSIAC

Aug. 1st, **E**, *for QBP (destined for great career), read QKtP.*

Week-end Crossword No. 60

Prizes: Three book tokens of 10s. 6d. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 60, N.S. & N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1, by first post on 18th August.



ACROSS

1. Sailor and ships on the coast (9).
6. Isthmi (5).
9. Make an agreement about science, but default (7).
10. In rain perhaps the front seems blissful (7).
11. Bumper numbers (6).
12. Half a musician, he may have his degree in music (8).
14. One who comes out of bed the wrong way (3).
15. Pressure of interest on holiday (10).
19. This pastime is a matter of the degree of warmth (10).
20. Salt this for a ferry (3).
23. Old boy gets nothing in a foreign language; what a thing to offer! (8).
25. Romantic team (6).
27. Fix up for an island at first (7).
28. Where to banish disease (7).
29. Cricket or exams. (5).
30. Hopkins called it lovely-asunder (9).

DOWN

1. A suit for the beach (6).
2. The end of number 18 (4, 5).
3. Faces at the seaside (6).
4. Move in fluid circles (4).
5. In France put so much on a horse; this is the equivalent (10).
6. 1 across is by it (5, 3).
7. Slow progress through the water (5).
8. Bogus sweet plant (8).
13. Spa with the lowest change for driers (10).
16. Idling about or going away on holiday (9).
17. Partly rhyming (8).
18. Speedy journeys for the seaside town (8).
21. Up subsequently about one to tell a story (6).
22. Rising like a coin (6).
24. A change of direction would make the watering-place great (5).
26. Kipling said she would not be civilised after the methods of the West (4).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 58

PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 58

Mrs. Freeman (Stock), G. E. Spence (Liverpool), E. S. Ainley (Harrow).

ACCOMMODATION VACANT AND WANTED

TRIGON House Hotel, Notting Hill Gate, 40 Pembridge Villas, W.11. Phone BAY 0667. Lux serv rooms w. board. Reasonable.

A CHARMING Bijou Guest House, h. & c.; garden; rooms, incl. breakfast and dinner, from £3 10s. Few mins Marble Arch, nr. tube, buses. 80 Maida Vale, W.9. MAI. 1930.

LONDON. York House, 27 Philbeach Gardens, Earls Court, S.W.5. Tel. FRO. 7579. Bed & breakfast. 15s. daily.

A BRIGHT hotel (close Marble Arch), White Park, 9 Lancaster Gate, W.2 (Pad 8406); c.h.w., phones, restaurant, porters, from 17s. 6d. daily, and breakfast.

1ST floor flatlet. Single divan room. Own sep. kit. Use bath. Nr. Heath. Ham. 6854.

KENWYN Private Hotel, 29 West Cromwell Rd., S.W.5. FRO. 1000. All cons. 12s. 6d. 1's 6d. B. & B., wkly. terms arrgd.

LGE double divan sitt.-rm., c.h.w., use of kit., etc., suit bus. couple or students sharing. 3gns. CUN. 9731 mornings only.

TWO luxurious single serviced rooms. £2 15s. each. Use kit., bath, c.h.w., gas, bed-linen, milk-frig. MAI. 5267.

WELL-furnished bed-sitting room, central heating, 6 min. Golders Green Station. Lady only. Spc. 9501.

LARGE single divan-room in woman doctor's maisonette. Partial serv. Use kit. & bath. £8 10s. mthly. Pri. 1202 before 12.30.

W.1. 3-roomed furnished s/c flat, reduced rent to couple & child for care 7-yr.-old son of prof. woman, 4-5.30 weekdays. Exchange baby-watching. Box 1137.

ATTRACTIVE s/c furn. flat, 2 rooms, kit., bathrm., tel., radio, to let from Aug. 17. 4½gns. wkly. BAY. 6437, 7-9 p.m.

PLEASANT comf. furn. room. Bus. person/stud. S. Ken. Tel. 7-9 p.m., FRE. 2881.

ACCOMMODATION—continued

NEWLY furn. 2-room balcony flat, h. & c. Min. W. Finchley Tube. Hillside 4861.

TO let, single & double divan-bed-sitting rooms, with partial board. Terms mod. 'Phone MAI. 4154 or call 98 Maida Vale.

GOLDERS Green. Comf. bed-sit. rm., suitable study for prof. person, student. Use kit., bath, 'phone, gdn. 2gns. SPE. 8956.

PLEAS. furn. flat, 2nd flr., 2 bedrms. (1 has dble. bed); recep.; lge. kit. Use bath. Nr. Heath. Easy access. Ham. 6854.

PRI. 4339. Sgle. & dble. room, 3 divans, service kitchen. 15 Belsize Park.

FURNISHED self-contained ground-floor flat, 3 rooms, kitchenette, bathroom. London, N.8. 4gns. weekly. Box 1066.

NON-Orthodox Jewish lady has bedroom with fitted basin & c.h., vacant in modern flat 5 min. Bakerloo Stn. Business person. Full board. 'Phone, Television. Box 1127.

ADELAIDE Rd., N.W.3. S/c flat, 2 excel. rms., tiny kit.-bath.; fully furn. 'phone, refrig., all trimmings. 7gns. p.w. incl. gas, elec. Brittan, MAY. 9255 day, HOL. 0618 eve.

PART furn. s/c flat in Dulwich area. Suitable one lady. £156 p.a., incl. 3 light, large, airy rooms, w.c. and bathroom. Rural outlook, good address and neighbourhood; close station and buses. Box 1059.

FURNISHED rooms with or without board, to let in Cotswold house, suitable for agreeable artists, authors or for old couples. Write Bennerley, Wotton-under-Edge.

BUNGALOW, furn., 2 mins. sea. 4 bed., sleep 6. Basins bedrooms. Available winter. Middleton-on-Sea. 'Phone Spe. 9501.

TO let: Furn. cottage, village 60 miles London. 2 small bedrooms, living-room, kitchenette. Oil cooker. Electricity. Piano. Small garden. £1. Or would exch. for accom. for two, Cent. London. Box 1060.

ACCOMMODATION—continued

INTERNATIONAL family (Canadian couple, 2 Indian students) require inexpensive furnished flat, central. Box 1109.

SCHOOLS

BURGESS Hill School, 11 Oak Hill Park, N.W.3. Co-educational Day School owned and controlled by a Friendly Society of Parents and Staff. K.G. 15gns., Junior and Senior Schools 18gns. The School has a small group of weekly boarders and there are 2/3 vacancies at present. Boarding charge 25gns. p. term in addition to tuition fees.

THE New School Kings Langley, Herts. Day and Boarding School for boys and girls from 6 to 18. The well-balanced and comprehensive method of education, based on Rudolf Steiner's principles, avoids early specialisation and aims at unfolding the individual faculties and gifts of the child while developing truly social impulses. Preparation for School Leaving Examinations. Moderate fees. Prospectus on request.

PINEWOOD, Amwellbury, Herts. (Ware 52) for children 4 to 14, where diet, environment, psychology and teaching methods maintain health and happiness. Facilities for weekly boarders. Elizabeth Strachan.

ST. Mary's Town and Country School. Day School: 38-40 Eton Avenue, Hampstead, N.W.3. PRI. 4306. Boarding School: Temporarily Hampstead. Boys and Girls. Recognised Ministry of Education. Realistic Modern Approach. Preparation for exams. E. Paul, Ph.D. R. D. Gardner, N.F.U.

WINDRUSH School, 55 Eton Avenue, Hampstead, N.W.3 has a few vacancies—children 3-11 years, for September term. Apply Secretary. PRI. 3039.

WYCHWOOD Girls' School, Oxford, 10 to University age; small classes; exceptional cultural and musical opportunities, self-governing community. Principals, Miss M. L. Lee, M.A., Miss E. M. Snodgrass, M.A.

SCHOOLS—continued

ST. Nicholas School, 39 Albyn Place, Aberdeen. A day school for boys and girls 5-13. Directors: John R. Allan, M.A., Mrs. Jean Allan, M.A., John Mackie.

WENNINGTON School, Wetherby, Yorks. 8-18. Recognised and co-educational, progressive but disciplined. Small classes; preparation for G.C.E. at all levels; exceptional Art, Music and Crafts. Emphasis on initiative and poise. Headmaster: Kenneth C. Barnes, B.Sc.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

CONTENTS of August "Plebs." "Education in Africa," by James Johnson, M.P.; "Trade and People: Hong Kong," by J. F. Horrabin; "This Wicked World," by J. P. M. Millar; "Co-operative Education," by R. L. Marshall, O.B.E., M.A.; "The Need for Publicity," by J. P. M. Millar; "Plebs" costs 6d., by post 7½d., or 7s. per year. From the N.C.L.C., Tillicoultry, Scotland.

THE Cambridge Journal—a monthly review of Literature, Economics, History, Philosophy, Politics, etc., edited by Michael Oakeshott, Denis Brogan, C. W. Guillebaud, Michael Postan, Basil Willey and T. F. D. Williams. August issue now ready. Of all booksellers, 3s. net (30s. p.a.).

BOOKS! Thousands available; lists, stamp; state interest; Stebbings, 28 (NS) Dean Road, London, N.W.2.

"TO See and To Hear," by C. Leslie Thomson, B.Sc. 5s. 4d., from the Kingston Clinic, Edinburgh, 9.

GERMAN books in 7 rooms: Libris, 38a Boundary Rd., N.W.8. MAI. 3030.

DEUTSCHE Buecher Gesucht! R. & E. Steiner, 64 Talgarth Rd., W.14. FUL. 7924.

COMINTERN, U.S.S.R., Trotsky: pre-war books/pamphlets/periodicals wtd. Hammersmith Bookshop, W.6. RIV. 6807.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

The engagement of persons answering these advertisements must be made through a Local Office of the Ministry of Labour or a Scheduled Employment Agency if the applicant is a man aged 18-64 inclusive or a woman aged 18-59 inclusive unless he or she, or the employment, is excepted from the provisions of the Notification of Vacancies Order, 1952.

UNIVERSITY College of North Staffordshire. Applications are invited for the post of Assistant Lecturer or Lecturer in Education, with especial responsibility for the Methods of Teaching History and for the History of Education, required in January, 1954. Candidates should have good qualifications and teaching experience in History. A higher degree in Education would be an advantage and candidates should be able to take part in courses in the Theory of Education. The salary range for Assistant Lecturers is £475×£25—£525, and for Lecturers £550×£50—£800 (Efficiency Bar)×£50—£1,100. If an appointment is made on the Lecturer scale, the salary will not be above £600. Application forms and further information may be obtained from the Registrar, University College, Keele, Staffs, to whom applications should be returned not later than September 5, 1953.

THE University of Leeds. Department of Economics and Commerce. Applications are invited for a post of temporary Research Assistant to work for a period of three years on a research project in the Department. The appointment will be made on the assistant lecturer or lecturer grade according to qualifications and experience, the salary scales being £500×£25—£550 and £550×£50—£1,100 respectively. The Research Assistant will be required to carry out research under the direction of the head of the Department on the organisation and working of the wool textile industry. Applications (three copies) should reach the Registrar, The University, Leeds 2 (from whom further particulars may be obtained), not later than August 24, 1953.

B.B.C. invites applications for posts as monitors in Hungarian, Greek and Czech, at Reading. Duties consist of reporting on radio transmissions in these languages. Qualifications: sound knowledge of current political affairs, preferably from first-hand experience of relevant countries, idiomatic knowledge of the foreign language and good command of English, perfect hearing and ability to type. Starting salary £590 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £800 per annum maximum. Detailed applications to Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked "H.G.C.M., N.Stm." within a week. For acknowledgment please enclose stamped addressed envelope.

WHY not be a Nurse? Do you know that you can train under delightful conditions in England's loveliest county, and be paid during training an allowance of £225-£250 a year, plus dependant's allowance? Modern Nurses' Home with separate bedrooms and splendid recreational facilities are provided. Dartford is 15 miles from London, with excellent train and bus services to the Metropolis, the coast and all parts of the Kent countryside. Write to the Matron, The West Hill Hospital, Dartford, Kent, for full particulars.

DEPARTMENT of Child Psychiatry, St. James' Hospital, Portsmouth. Psychiatric Social Worker (full-time). Applications are invited from candidates who have completed a recognised Mental Health Course. Preference will be given to applicants with interest in, or experience of, Child Psychiatry. The present staff of the Department consists of 3 Psychiatrists, 2 Psychologists, a Play Therapist, and one part-time Social Worker. There is a busy out-patient clinic, and in addition the Department runs a 40-bed in-patient unit which offers exceptional experience with the emotionally disturbed or maladjusted child. Candidates may visit the Department by arrangement with the Physician Superintendent of St. James' Hospital, Dr. W. Liddell Milligan.

THE Probation Services. Professional training for students who intend to enter this work is available through the Home Office. Minimum age 21. Particulars from the Secretary to the Probation Advisory and Training Board, Home Office, Whitehall, S.W.1. This advertisement should be mentioned.

CITY of Leicester Children's Committee. The Woodlands Remand Home (20 boys). There is a vacancy for a Resident Assistant Matron (single woman) at this Remand Home which is commodious, well equipped and run on modern lines. Previous experience in similar work is desirable and the possession of a recognised diploma would be an added qualification. Salary £325×£15—£370 per annum. A charge of £100 per annum is made for board and lodging. The post is pensionable and subject to a medical examination. Forms of application may be obtained from the Children's Officer, 20 Millstone Lane, Leicester, to whom they should be returned by August 22, 1953. Kenneth Goodacre, Town Clark.

WORLD Federation for Mental Health: Wanted October, Woman Assistant to Secretary-General, with some editorial experience and good knowledge of languages. Commencing salary not less than £475 per annum. Apply in writing for particulars: W.F.M.H., 19 Manchester Street, London, W.1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

SENIOR Scientific Officers; Scientific Officers; Patent Examiner and Patent Officer Classes. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for permanent and pensionable appointments to be filled by competitive interview during 1953. Interviews will continue throughout the year, but a closing date for the receipt of applications earlier than December, 1953, may eventually be announced. The Scientific posts are in various Government Departments and cover a wide range of Scientific research and development in most of the major fields of fundamental and applied science; in Biology the number of vacancies is small. The Patent posts are in the Patent Office (Board of Trade), Admiralty and Ministry of Supply. Candidates must have obtained a university degree with first- or second-class honours in an appropriate scientific subject (including engineering) or in Mathematics, or an equivalent qualification; or for Scientific posts, possess high professional attainments. Candidates for Senior Scientific Officer posts must in addition have had at least three years' post-graduate or other approved experience. Candidates for Scientific Officer and Patent posts taking their degrees in 1953 may be admitted to compete before the result of their degree examination is known. Age Limits: Senior Scientific Officers, between 26 and 31; for Scientific Officers and Patent Classes, between 21 and 28 during 1953 (up to 31 for permanent members of the Experimental Officer class competing as Scientific Officers). London Salary Scales: Senior Scientific Officers (men) £812-£1,022; (women) £681-£917; Scientific Officers (men) £440-£707; (women) £440-£576; Patent Examiner and Patent Officer Classes (men) £440-£655; (women) £440-£576. Somewhat lower rates in the provinces. Further particulars from the Civil Service Commission, Scientific Branch, Trinidad House, Old Burlington Street, London, W.1, quoting No. S.53/53 for Senior Scientific Officers and S.52/53, S.128/53 for the other posts.

EAST Riding of Yorkshire County Council. Appointment of Psychiatric Social Worker. Applications are invited for the appointment of a Psychiatric Social Worker on the Council's permanent staff. Candidates must hold an approved Mental Health Certificate. Salary scale £500×£20—£640 per annum, or £470×£15—£500×£20—£640 per annum according to experience. The conditions of service will be in accordance with those laid down by the appropriate Whitley Council. Duties will include attendance at the County Child Guidance Clinic and also at the Broadgate Mental Hospital by arrangement with the East Riding Group Hospital Management Committee; work connected with the Council's functions under the National Health Service Act, 1946, and such other duties as the Council may from time to time determine. If the successful candidate is in possession of a motor car, a mileage allowance will be payable in accordance with the Council's approved scale. The appointment will be superannuable. Applications, giving details of age, qualifications, experience, etc., together with copies of not more than three recent testimonials, should be addressed so as to reach the County Medical Officer of Health, County Hall, Beverley, as soon as possible. Canvassing will be deemed a disqualification and candidates should state whether they are related to any member or senior officer of the Council.—Thomas Stevenson, Clerk of the County Council, County Hall, Beverley.

THE Labour Party requires a designer and lay-out artist. The appointment is a permanent one, but the first six months will be regarded as a trial period. Applicants should possess a good knowledge of typography and printing processes, and do finished work. Application Form, to be returned not later than August 25, from Morgan Phillips, Labour Party, Transport House, Smith Square, London, S.W.1.

THE Labour Party: Regional Woman Organisers: Applications are invited for two posts—Regional Woman Organiser for West Midlands Region, and Regional Woman Organiser for the Eastern Region. The Woman Organiser is responsible for the development of women's organisation and the supervision of the work of Women's Sections, Advisory Councils within her region. Application forms and information as to conditions of appointment from the Chief Woman Officer, Labour Party, Transport House, Smith Square, London, S.W.1, to whom application forms must be returned by August 30.

FABIAN Society. Appointment of General Secretary. Applications are invited by Sept. 14, 1953, for the position of General Secretary at a salary of £700 p.a. upwards for a full-time appointment. Applications for a part-time appointment are not excluded. Particulars from 11 Dartmouth St., London, S.W.1. Mark letters "App./Gen. Sec."

MATRON or Assistant Matron required in September for small residential school run on community lines, interested in individual child and progressive education, with good personal background. Shotton Hall, Harmer Hill, Shrewsbury.

WANTED immediately first-rate tutor for intelligent American ten-year-old boy. Mornings only for one year on Continent. French obligatory. Prefer Scotsman. Write stating qualifications. Box 1101.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

BENEVOLENT Association requires handyman for its Surrey home. Work in house and on estate. Must have real skill at a fair variety of jobs. Accommodation provided. Box 1063.

COMMUNITY school reqs. in Sept. man or woman of good standing for handicraft, music, games, general supervision. Shotton Hall, Harmer Hill, Shrewsbury.

PART-time Tutor in English for foreign students required Denmark Hill, S.E.5, area. Box 1049.

SHORTHAND-typists. Copy typists. Attractive full-time temporary work (hrs. 10-5), or part-time by hour, day, wk. High rates of pay. Josephine Hall & Partners, 501 Grand Bldgs. Trafalgar Sq. W.C.2. WHI. 5392/6412.

EXPD. Sec. Sh./Typs. for London posts. Salary up to £8. Also for temporary work, £6 10s. (10-5, no Sats.) Dutton's Secretarial Service, 92 Gt. Russell St., W.C.1. Ring Miss Topham, MUS. 7379.

DOMESTIC Staff: British or Continental cooks, cooks-general, mother's helps, married couples, etc., available through Five Cities Bureau, 90a George Street, London, W.1. WEL. 3897. We also secure first-class jobs for employees.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

ECONOMICS graduate, male, mid-thirties; administrative, stats., secretarial experience in govt. posts home and abroad; fair to good Russian, German, French; some public speaking; worth-while rather than well-paid post wanted. Box 1067.

EXPERIENCED secretary free occasionally. ARC 1765/MOU. 1701.

SCOTTISH woman graduate (Hons. English), fluent French, knowledge Spanish, seeks post Germany. Would teach, look after children, etc. Can type. Refs. Box 1153.

YOUNG Woman seeks job, housekeeper/mother's help where little boy (5) would be welcome. Box 1068.

DRAMA student (m.) resd. S. Kens., wants part-time work. Box 1136.

PERSONAL

ONE seat available large car going South Italy via Austria Aug. 23, and two seats return journey from Florence middle October via Germany and Paris, taking approx. 10 days. Share expenses. Box 1092.

YNG. woman, teacher and poet, desp. needs holiday post/patron. Some coaching (most subj. inc. G.C.E. maths), some writing time. Some pocket money. Box 1148.

ARTIST'S studio, London, wanted to rent by the year. Box 1149.

LONDON. Married woman, boy 3, seeks similar, view find, share accommodation, baby-watching, etc. Wide interests, books, clothes. Box 1152.

HOLIDAY Party Bournemouth for young professional business people. Box 909.

CORNWALL. Land's End. Sandy beaches; good food. Sept. vacancies. Dora Russell, Carn Voel, Porthcarno, nr. Penzance, St. Buryan 391.

MAJORCA. Autumn, fogless, sunny; guests/children under 5 welc. FLA. 8667.

S/C. room London, short periods for persons with nervous disorders. Supportive help from trained Social Worker. Box 1075.

INTELLIGENT young bachelor seeks another with central flat to share. Box 1080.

LITERARY assistance: Editing, Research, Articles, Theses, Scripts, Transls. Criticism: London Press credentials. Box 1081.

WOULD buy or rent simple cottage, Costa Brava (Spain). Not far from sea. 1-2 acres land. Box 1106.

TRAVEL abroad driven by interpreter 30s. a day, 6d./km. inc. petrol. Box 1132.

YOUNG man, resident Paris, with small car, seeks companion (m.) for 3 weeks' holiday Spain or S. France or Italy or Austria beginning end August. Box 1134.

AT ½ off cost, new contemporary Meredew light oak furniture. LEE 0280.

THERE'S always something worth-while doing (including doing nothing!) at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon. Checkendon 221.

WANTED: Elementary Italian lessons. N.W. district. Box 1146.

LONDON'S Little Theatre Company has vacancies for personnel for season commencing October (auditions from mid-August). Hon. Actors, Designers, Stage and Admin. staff are invited to apply for membership. Tavistock Repertory Co., "Tower Theatre," Canonbury Place, Islington, N.1.

ROBERT George Miles, Psychologist, 70 Belsize Park Gdns., N.W.3. PRI. 6982.

SPAIN: Tossa, Sitges, Barcelona; 15 days' September sunshine, escorted but unherded. Spain Travel, 19 Woburn Sq., W.C.1.

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CONCERTS

HENRY Wood Promenade Concerts. Royal Albert Hall. Nightly (Suns. excepted) at 7.30, until Sat., Sept. 19. Tkts. 8s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 5s., 3s. 6d. at Hall (KEN. 8212) and Agents. 2,000 Promenade (with seating for 440), 2s. 6d., available nightly at doors only.

GEFFRYE Museum, Kingsland Rd., E.2. A recital, "Old Music with Old Instruments," Cecily Arnold and Marshall Johnson, Thursday, August 13, at 6.30 p.m. Admission 1s. at the door.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED Facsimiles & Turnstile Prints on show daily, 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1. Illustrated catalogue 1s. post free.

GALERIE Apollinaire, 3 Litchfield St., W.C.2 (off Char. X Rd. opp. St. Martin's Theatre). Monotype Paintings by Hazel Turnbull. Aug. 4-29. Daily 11-7 except Sun.

FLOWER Books from the Society of Herbalists. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Square, S.W.1. Open till Aug. 29. Mons., Weds., Fris., Sats. 10-6, Tues & Thurs. 10-8. Admission free.

THE Iveagh Bequest, Kenwood. Exhibition of Original Drawings by Robert and James Adam. Admission free. Weekdays 10-6, Sundays 2.30-6. 210 bus from Archway or Golders Green Stations.

ROYAL College of Art Coronation Year Exhibition. Victoria & Albert Museum, S.W.7. July 11-August 9, inc. 10-6 weekdays and Saturdays; 2.30-6 Sundays. Adm. Free.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond St., W.1. Mary Cassatt (1845-1927) 25 paintings and pastels. First London Exhibition. Daily 10-5.30, Sat. 10-12.30.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork St., W.1. Names to Remember.

TWELVE Australian Artists. Arts Council Exhibition. New Burlington Galleries, Old Burlington St., W.1. Open till Aug. 22. Mons., Weds., Fris., Sats. 10-6. Tues. & Thurs. 10-8. Adm. 1s.

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GRAHAM Sutherland. Arts Council Exhibition, Tate Gallery. Closes August 9. Fri., Sat. 10-6, Sun. 2-6. Admission 1s.

THE Coffee House, 3 Northumberland Avenue. Drawings and Paintings by Dugall McKimmen, Viva Montefiore, Beem Siklatvala, Sinclair Williams.

I.C.A. Gallery, 17 Dover Street, W.1. Collectors' Items from Artists' Studios. Small Sculptures, Lithographs, Drawings. Aug. 5 to Sept. 6. Daily 11-6. Closed Sundays. Admission free.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton Street, W.1. Selected French paintings XIX and XX Century. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

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IRVING Galleries, Irving St., Leicester Sq. Exhibition of Oil Paintings by young Contemporaries. Until August 29.

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LECTURES AND MEETINGS

INDIAN Independence Day, Saturday, August 15. Meeting at Friends House, Euston Rd., N.W.1, at 7.30 p.m. "Report on Freedom." Chairman: Reginald Sorensen, M.P. V. K. Krishna Menon and speakers from Indonesia, the Africas, India and Britain, etc. Indian Music and dances. Free, res. seats 2s. od. from India League, 47 Strand, W.C.2.

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Closed for Sunday morning meetings. Re-opening Sunday, September 13. Chamber Music Concerts recommence October 4.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1. August 15, at 6 p.m. Mr. M. A. Morland: "Über das Wesen der Märchen."

BRAZIERS, Ipsden, Oxon, Sept. 4-6. "Humorous Writing" and "Painting and Modelling." Programmes from Warden.

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AT Pendley, Aug. 29/30. Flower Arrangements Lectures, demonstrations and practical work. Fee £1 15s. Sept. 11/15. The Countryside in Autumn. Fee £3. Full particulars from The Secretary, Pendley Manor, Tring, Herts. (Tring 2302.)

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